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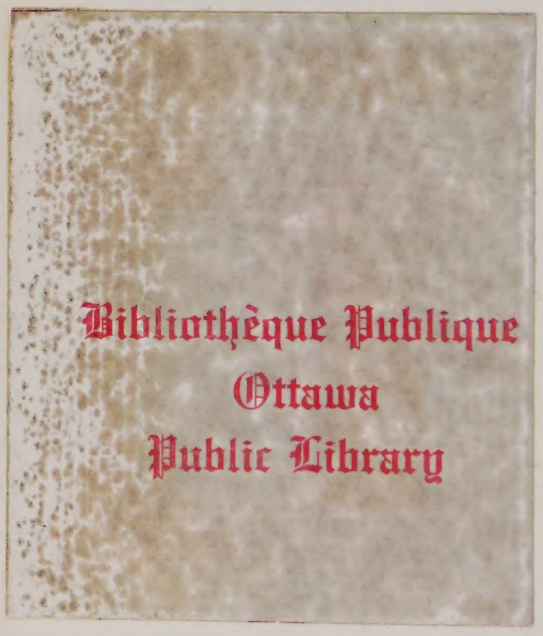

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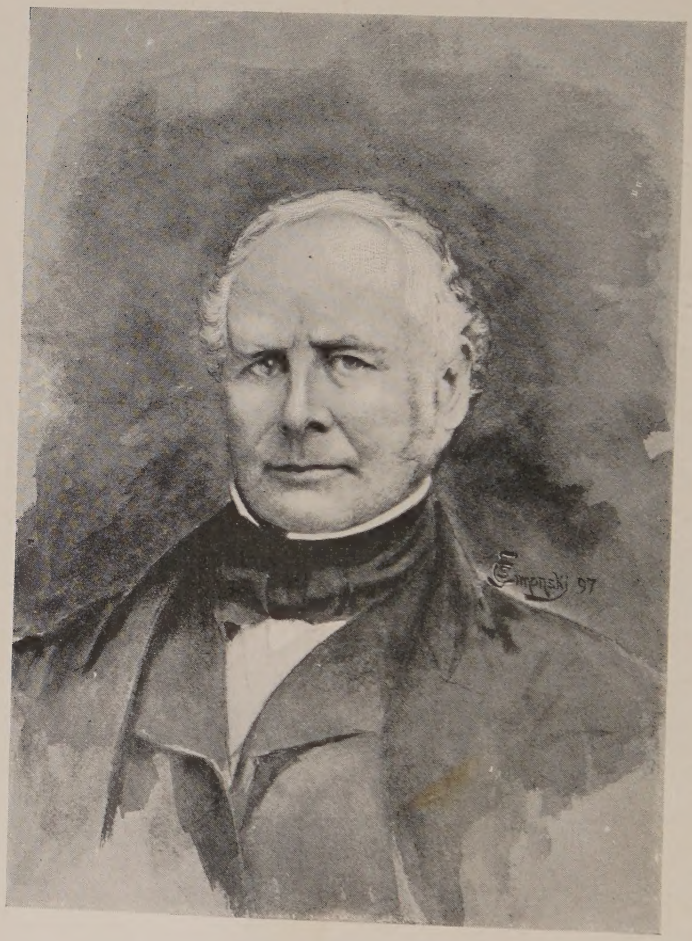

AGE, ABOUT 45.

Thos. Hubbard

HALIBURTON

A

Centenary Chaplet.

WITH A BIBLIOGRAPHY BY JOHN PARKER ANDERSON.

British Museum, London, Eng.

PUBLISHED FOR

THE HALIBURTON CLUB,

KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N.S.,

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

TORONTO.

1897.

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A TOAST TO TOM HALIBURTON.

Here's a health to thee, Tom! May the mists of this earth
Never shadow the light of that soul
Which so often has lent the mild flashes of mirth
To illumine the depths of the Bowl.

With a world full of beauty and fun for a theme,
And a glass of good wine to inspire,
E'en without thee we sometimes are bless'd with a gleam
That resembles thy spirit's own fire.

Yet still in our gayest and merriest mood
Our pleasures are tasteless and dim,
For the thoughts of the past and of Tom, that intrude,
Make us feel we're but happy with him.

Like the Triumph of old, where the absent one threw
A cloud o'er the glorious scene,
Are our feasts, my dear Tom, when we meet without you,
And think of the nights that have been,

When thy genius, assuming all hues of delight,
Fled away with the rapturous hours,
And when wisdom and wit, to enliven the night,
Scattered freely their fruits and their flowers ;

When thy eloquence played round each topic in turn,
Shedding lustre and life where it fell,
As the sunlight, in which the tall mountain-tops burn,
Paints each bud in the lowliest dell ;

When that eye, before which the pale Senate once quailed,
With humour and deviltry shone,
And the voice which the heart of the patriot hailed,
Had mirth in its every tone.

Then a health to thee, Tom ! Ev'ry bumper we drain
But renders thine image more dear :
As the bottle goes round, and again, and again,
We wish, from our hearts, you were here !

—From *Poems*, by JOSEPH HOWE.

FOREWORD.

THIS book, as its name implies, is intended for a tribute to the memory of Judge Haliburton. It was first proposed to publish the volume within a month of the centenary of his birth, on December 17th, 1896, but circumstances rendered this impossible. The original title, however, has been allowed to stand as expressing the *raison d'etre* of the publication.

It seemed appropriate that THE HALIBURTON should undertake the issue of such a volume. This club was founded at King's College, Windsor, N.S., in 1884. Almost purely literary in its aims, it endeavors, among other things, to keep its members in touch with Canadian writers and their work. It also attempts the collection of Canadian books and manuscripts. Its first president was one of its chief promoters, Mr. H. P. Scott, of Windsor. In 1885 Professor C. G. D. Roberts, M.A., F.R.S.C., was appointed to the office, which he held continuously until his departure from the college in 1895. Meetings take place fortnightly throughout the academic year. It is an interesting fact, by the way, that the club-room is a large apartment which was used by Judge Haliburton during his course at King's

College, from 1810 to 1815. One other publication has been put forth by the Club, "Haliburton: The Man and the Writer," by Mr. Crofton. It appeared in 1889, and is substantially reproduced in the present volume.

The centenary of Haliburton's birth, which this book commemorates in a more permanent form, was pleasantly observed on the evening of December 17th, 1896, when a meeting was held in the Assembly Chamber of the Legislative building, Halifax, N.S., under the auspices of the Nova Scotia Historical Society. An admirable programme of speeches was compiled by the Secretary, Mr. Crofton, to whom chiefly the success of the occasion was due. Among the speakers were the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, the Archbishop of Halifax, Hon. Mr. Justice Townshend, Hon. Speaker Lawrence, of the House of Assembly, the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, J. J. Stewart, Esq., and the President of the Haliburton Club. A satisfactory feature was the representative nature of the audience.

It is believed that "The Centenary Chaplet" will be not unworthy of its object. It is unnecessary to preface the various articles by any words of explanation or praise; special attention, however, is directed to the Bibliography, which is the only one of its kind extant. THE HALIBURTON esteems itself fortunate in having secured the services of Mr. Anderson. That gentleman's work is too widely known to call for comment; it will be remembered that he contributes the bibliographies to the "Great Writers" series of English authors. In justice to Mr. Anderson it may be said that his work in the present instance would have been even more complete if he had not been constrained by the exigencies of publication. The

illustrations are made from photographs kindly loaned by a member of Judge Haliburton's family.

The "Chaplet" has been issued, as far as possible, by subscription. The thanks of the Club are due to those friends who have assisted towards this end.

The Haliburton has kept in view the fact that in issuing this book it is honoring the memory of one who was a Canadian and something more—an Imperialist, whose great ideas must eventually give him a place in the hearts of all who love Canada, and who cherish hopes of what a united Empire may achieve.

A. B. de Mille.

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CLIFTON, WINDSOR, N.S.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JUDGE HALIBURTON.

With Five Illustrations.

ENTERED
according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven, by ROBERT GRANT HALIBURTON, at the Department of Agriculture

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JUDGE HALIBURTON.*

IN the absence of any suitable biography of the author of "The Clockmaker," his centenary may lend an interest to the following brief sketch of his life and times.

Thomas Chandler Haliburton was born at Windsor, in the Province of Nova Scotia, on the 17th day of December, 1796. He was descended from the Haliburtons of Mertoun and Newmains, a Border family, one of whom was Barbara Haliburton, only child of Thomas Haliburton, of Newmains, who married Robert Scott, and whose second son was Walter Scott, the father of the immortal Sir Walter. Her eldest son left numerous descendants. Sir Walter's tomb

* The anonymous form seemed to me the most convenient to adopt in writing the above sketch, and it was understood that, while I should be generally known as the author, my name should not be published as such. As, however, since the above was written, the circulars announcing the forthcoming volume have mentioned my name in connection with it, I have thought it best to append this note.—R. G. HALIBURTON.

is in the ancient burial place of the Haliburtons, St. Mary's Aisle, in Dryburgh Abbey. About the beginning of the last century nearly all of her numerous uncles migrated to Jamaica, and the eldest of them, Andrew Haliburton, removed thence to Scituate, near Boston, Massachusetts, where he, and, subsequently, his son William, married members of the Otis family, to which the well-known James Otis belonged. William Haliburton (whose cousin, Major John Haliburton, Clive's colleague, was, according to Mill's History of India, "the Founder of the Sepoy force,"*) removed to Nova Scotia with many persons from Scituate, when the vacant lands of the Acadian French were offered to settlers. His son, the Hon. William Hersey Otis Haliburton, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, in Nova Scotia, married Lucy Grant, a daughter of Major Alexander Grant, one of Wolfe's Highland officers at the siege of Quebec, who, after the French war, settled in the colony of New York, where he married a Miss Kent, a near relative of the famous Chancellor Kent. He was killed in the Revolutionary War, at the storming of Fort Stanwix, while in command of the New York Volunteers.

Chief Justice William Hersey Otis Haliburton left an only child, the future author of "Sam Slick," who was educated at the Grammar School, Windsor, and afterward, at the same place, at the University of King's College, for Tory King's College of the Colony of New York had migrated to Windsor, Nova Scotia, where, preserving the traditions

* The only references to him in Scott's "Memorials of the Haliburtons" (printed privately in 1820 to show that that family had become extinct in the male line) are, "killed on parade at Madras by a fanatical Sepoy," and "he was the last survivor in the male line of the Haliburtons of Newmains and Mertoun." Mill speaks of his death, and says that "the name of Haliburton was long remembered by the Madras Sepoys."

There is no tablet to his memory in the burial place of his family.

of Oxford of olden times, it remained out and out Tory in its politics, and continued unchanged, even after Oxford itself had long felt the influence of modern ideas. In its collegiate school, as late at least as 1845, that venerable heirloom, "Lilly's Latin Grammar," which had not a word of English from cover to cover, and which was a familiar ordeal for boys long before Shakespeare was born (Cardinal Wolsey, it is said, assisted in its composition), was still employed. It even retained the quaint old frontispiece representing boys with knee-breeches and shoebuckles (probably a picture of the original "Blue-coat Boys") climbing up the tree of knowledge, and throwing down the golden fruit. Daily, too, at the meals in the College Hall there was, and perhaps may be to this day, heard a quaint Latin grace, which was droned by the "senior scholar," beginning, *Oculi omnium ad te spectant, Domine ;* probably the same that was heard in some college halls in the days of the Crusades. It is to be hoped that the "spirit of the age" has not led it to discard this and other venerable heirlooms derived from an ancient ancestry. This truly conservative and orthodox institution, in which the future author was crammed with classics, and taught to "fear God and honour the King," was then considered one of the most successful educational institutions in America, and it still ranks high in its reputation as a college. It is the oldest in the Colonies, and it is the only one that has a Royal Charter.

Mr. Haliburton used often to puzzle his friends by saying that *he and his father were born twenty miles apart, and in the same house.*

The enigma throws some light on the early history of Windsor. His father had extensive grants of land at Douglas, a place situated at the head waters of the St.

Croix, a tributary of the Avon, as to which there is a gruesome tablet at St. Paul's Church, Halifax, Nova Scotia, to the memory of a nobleman, who lost his life "from exposure during an inclement winter, while settling a band of brave Carolinians" at Douglas.

The famous Flora McDonald, whose husband was a captain in that regiment, spent a winter in Fort Edward, the old blockhouse of which still overlooks the village of Windsor.

The house at Douglas was built in the middle of the last century, like a Norwegian lodge, of solid timber covered with boards. When Mr. Haliburton's father removed from Douglas it was floated down the river, and was placed on the bank of the Avon, where the town of Windsor now is, and in it Mr. Haliburton was born. The tide there is very remarkable, as it rises over thirty-six feet; and while at high tide hundreds of *Great Easterns* could float there, when the tide is out the river dwindles into a rivulet, lost in a vast expanse of square miles of chocolate. The village early in the century consisted of one straggling street along the river bank, under green arches formed by the meeting of the boughs of large elms, a pretty little *Sleepy Hollow*, the quiet of which was only at times disturbed by the arrival from Halifax of a six-horse stage-coach at full gallop, or by the melancholy whistle of a wheezy little steamer from St. John, New Brunswick. The limited society of the place, a bit of rural England which had migrated, was far more exclusive and aristocratic than that now found in Halifax, or any Canadian city (for a shop-keeper or retailer, however wealthy, could not get the *entrée* to it), and was composed mainly of families of retired naval and military officers, "U.E. Loyalists," professional men, Church of England clergy, and professors at the College, and also one or two big provincial

THE PIPER'S POND.

dignitaries, with still bigger salaries, who had country seats where they spent their summers. The officers, too, of a detachment of infantry stationed there largely contributed to break the monotony of the place.

The migratory house was in time succeeded by a much more commodious one, built almost opposite to it; and this, in its turn, soon after Mr. Haliburton was made a Judge, was deserted for what was his home for a quarter of a century, Clifton, a picturesque property to the west of the village, consisting in all of over forty acres, bounding to the eastward on the village, to the north on the river, and to the south on the lands of King's College. Underlaid by gypsum, it was much broken up and very uneven; and the enormous amount of earth excavated in opening up the gypsum quarries was all needed to make the property a comfortable and suitable place of residence. Lord Falkland, a Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, used to say that he had never seen any place of its size that had such a variety of charming scenery. One precipitous, sunny bank, about one hundred and fifty feet long and thirty feet high, became a dense thicket of acacias, and when they were in bloom, was one mass of purple and white blossoms, while pathways wandered up and down through gleaming spruce copses and mossy glades.

One of its special points of interest was the "Piper's Pond," so named after a probably mythical piper of a Highland regiment, who, having dropped his watch into the water, dived after it, and never came up. It was one of the few "punch-bowls" in gypsum regions that are not found dry.

As a landscape gardener, he was greatly aided by the thorough art training his assistant had obtained at the best ladies' school of her day—one at Paris supported by the old

Noblesse. Her history, from early childhood to the time when she arrived at Windsor, the youthful bride of Mr. Haliburton, who himself was still a minor, was a singular succession of romantic incidents. She was a daughter of Captain Laurence Neville, of the 19th Light Dragoons, and as she was very young when her mother died, her father, having made provision for her support and education before rejoining his regiment in India,* left her in charge of the widow of a brother officer, a sister of Sir Alexander Lockhart, who subsequently, unknown to him, married William Putnam McCabe, a man of means, who became the Secretary of "the United Irishmen" of '98. When he escaped to France in an open smuggler's boat, he took with him his wife and also her ward, Miss Neville; and in 1816, the year the latter was married, in spite of the ten thousand pounds placed on his head he secretly went to England to bid her good-bye.

Long before the thrilling tales of his escapes from the troops in pursuit of him, and other adventures, appeared in Madden's "History of the United Irishmen," they had been household words in the nursery at Clifton.

The story of her marriage was equally romantic. When her father, who was living at Henley-on-Thames in 1812, was on his death-bed, he heard that a very old military friend, named Captain Piercy, was living not far from that place, and he therefore wrote to him, asking him to call on Miss Neville, and to render her such services as she might need until the arrival of her only brother, who was then in India with his regiment, the 11th Hussars. He died in ignorance

* The sword of Tippoo Sahib, taken from his dead body by Capt. Neville, after the famous charge of his regiment at Seringapatam, which earned for them the name of "the Terror of India," is now in the possession of Sir Arthur Haliburton, G.C.B.

of the fact that he had written to a perfect stranger, an old retired naval officer of that name, who, with his wife, on receipt of the letter, called on Miss Neville, and invited her, as they had no children, to make their house her home. His step-nephew, Mr. Haliburton, while on a visit to England, met her at his house, and though still a minor, became engaged to and married her. The memory of these incidents was long preserved in the local traditions of Henley-on-Thames.

Mr. Haliburton, who had graduated with honors on leaving college, in time was called to the bar, and practised at Annapolis Royal, the former capital of Nova Scotia, where he acquired a large and lucrative practice; but a wider sphere of action was opened to him when he became the representative of the county of Annapolis, and, as such, by his power of debate and his ability, he speedily attained a leading position.*

He was the first public man who in a British Legislature successfully advocated the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities. Speaking of his speech on that occasion, Mr. Beamish Murdoch, in his "History of Nova Scotia," says it was "the most splendid bit of declamation that it has ever been my fortune to listen to. He was then in the prime of life and vigor, both mental and physical. The healthy air of country life had given him a robust appearance, though his figure was yet slender and graceful. As an orator, his manner and attitude were extremely impressive, earnest and dignified; and, although the strong propensity of his mind to wit and humor was often apparent, they seldom detracted from

* With the permission of Mr. Henry J. Morgan, portions of this paper are reproduced, in an abridged form, from his "Bibliotheca Canadensis," published in 1867.

the seriousness of his language, when the subject under discussion was important. Although he sometimes exhibited rather more hauteur than was agreeable, yet his wit was usually kind and playful. On this occasion he absolutely entranced his audience. He was not remarkable for readiness of reply in debate; but when he had time to prepare his ideas and language he was almost always sure to make an impression on his hearers."

On this point Mr. Duncan Campbell, in his "History of Nova Scotia" (p. 334), says: "The late Mr. Howe spoke of him to the writer as a polished and effective speaker. On some passages of his more elaborate speeches he bestowed great pains, and in the delivery of them, Mr. Howe, who acted in the capacity of a reporter, was so captivated and entranced that he had to lay down his pen and listen to his sparkling oratory. It is doubtless to one of these passages that Mr. Beamish Murdoch refers."

It is difficult to imagine a more uninviting arena than was presented at that time by Nova Scotian politics, or more undesirable associates in public life than the politicians of that day. The Province was ruled over by a Council consisting of a few officials living at Halifax, one of the leaders of which was the Church of England Bishop. In vain, therefore, year after year Mr. Haliburton got the House to vote a grant to a Presbyterian institution, the Pictou Academy. It was invariably rejected by the Council; while a small grant in aid of public schools was contemptuously rejected without any discussion as to it. His ridicule of the conduct of the Council in that matter gave them great offence, and they demanded an apology from the House, which, however, was refused, as the House resolved that there was nothing objectionable in his remarks, and also that they

were privileged. The Council again more peremptorily demanded an apology, when the House, incredible as it may seem, unanimously stultified itself by resolving that Mr. Haliburton should be censured for his remarks. He accordingly attended in his place, and was censured by the Speaker! It must, therefore, have been an infinite relief, when an opportunity offered of escape from such an ordeal as public life was in those days.

He lived in the district embraced by the Middle Division of the Court of Common Pleas, of which his father was Chief Justice, while he himself was the leader on that circuit. When, therefore, his father died, the vacant post was, as a matter of course, offered to him, and was gladly accepted.

But in Pictou County, which was largely settled by "dour" Cameronians, and which gloried in those annual and ever-recurring battles against the Bishop and his followers, there are no doubt types of "Old Mortality" that will never cease to denounce his retirement from the perennial strife as a great sin, and an act of treason to his country, or (what is the same thing) to the Pictou Academy.

In 1828, when only thirty-two years of age, he received the appointment of Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. In 1841 the Court of Common Pleas was abolished, and his services were transferred to the Supreme Court. In February, 1856, he resigned his office of a Judge of that Court, and soon afterwards removed to England, where he continued to reside till his death.

It was a curious instance of "the irony of fate," when the successful advocate of the removal of the political disabilities of Roman Catholics was a quarter of a century afterwards called on as a Judge to rule that the rights of Roman Catholic laymen, as British subjects, could not be restricted by any ecclesiastical authority.

Carten, a very prominent and respected Irishman living in Halifax, having been excommunicated, was denied access to his pew in St. Mary's Cathedral, of which he was *the legal owner*. Judge Haliburton's ruling in favor of the plaintiff in Carten *vs.* Walsh *et al.* was a very able one. This was probably the only case in which a judge in Nova Scotia ever had to order a court room to be cleared in consequence of manifestations of public excitement and feeling.

About 1870 the same point was raised at Montreal in the famous "Guibord case." The members of a French-Canadian literary society, which had refused to have standard scientific works weeded out of its library, were excommunicated. One of them, named Guibord, had bought and was the legal owner of a lot in the public cemetery at Montreal, and, when he died, his body was refused admission to it. Though this proceeding was justified by the Quebec courts, their judgments were reversed by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; and upon the defendants refusing to obey "the order of Her Majesty in Council in the matter," some thousands of troops were called out, and the body, under military protection, was buried under several feet of Portland cement in the Guibord lot.

While the ruling in Carten *vs.* Walsh *et al.* created some bitter enemies that were powerful enough to make their hostility felt, some offence (perhaps not altogether without apparent cause) may also have been taken by them at a few incidental philosophical allusions in "Rule and Misrule of the English in America" to the important results that were likely to flow from the new rôle of the Roman Catholic Church as a political power in the New World, a subject that he would no doubt have prudently avoided could he have foreseen the bitter controversy as to

that question that was about to be caused by the rise of the "Know-nothing Movement."

Thanks to that wonder-worker, *Time*, the lapse of fifty years rarely fails to take all the caloric out of "burning questions," and is able to convert the startling forecasts of thinkers into the trite truisms of practical politics.

The animus against him, however, was probably of a persistent type. "From the ills of life," says Longinus, "there is for mortals a sure haven—death, while the woes of the gods are eternal." But successful authors are not much better off than the unlucky gods, for their names and their works survive them and can be *tabooed*.

The generous tribute from the Archbishop of Halifax and Mr. Senator Power, at the Haliburton Centenary meeting at Halifax, to the important services he had rendered three-quarters of a century ago, is a pleasing proof that a public man may safely do his duty and leave his life to the impartial verdict of a later generation.

A few years after taking up his residence in England, he paid a visit to Ontario, Canada, where he negotiated the purchase by the Canadian Land and Immigration Company of an extensive tract of country near Peterborough. Most of it that is not now sold is included in the county of Haliburton, which returns a member to the Ontario Legislature, and the county town of Haliburton is the terminus of the Haliburton branch of the Grand Trunk Railway.

In 1816, as already stated, he married Louisa, only daughter of Captain Laurence Neville, of the 19th Light Dragoons (she died 1840), by whom he had a large family.* And secondly, in 1856, Sarah Harriet, widow of Edward Hosier Williams,

*He left two sons and five daughters.

of Eaton Mascott, Shrewsbury, by whom he had no issue, and who survived him several years.

That life-long exile, the poet Petrarch, says that men, like plants, are the better for transplanting, and that no man should die where he was born. For years Judge Haliburton stagnated and moped in utter solitude at Clifton, for his large family had grown up and were settled in life elsewhere, while death had removed the little band of intellectual companions whose society had been a great source of enjoyment to him. But he got a new lease of life by migrating to England. His second wife was a very intelligent and agreeable widow lady of a good social position, who even after having made a considerable sacrifice of her means in order to marry him, was comfortably off. It was a very happy match, and she proved to be a most devoted wife. Before they were married she had leased Gordon House, situated on the Thames, not far from Richmond (a house built by George I. for the Duchess of Kendal, who after his death believed that her royal lover used to visit her in the form of a crow in what is still known as "The haunted room"). In time the gardens and grounds there were referred to as showing what lady floriculturists can accomplish. His family, most of whom resided in England, were delighted at seeing him in his old age well cared for in a comfortable home.

As an author, he first came before the public in 1829, as the historian of his native Province. His work, which was well received by both the public and the press, and was so highly thought of that the House of Assembly tendered him a vote of thanks, is to the present time regarded as a standard work in the Province.

Six years subsequently he became unconsciously the author of the inimitable "Sam Slick." In a series of anonymous

articles in the *Nova Scotian* newspaper, then edited by Mr. Joseph Howe, he made use of a Yankee peddler as his mouthpiece. The character proved to be "a hit," and the articles greatly amused the readers of that paper, and were widely copied by the American press. They were collected together and published anonymously by Mr. Howe, of Halifax, and several editions were issued in the United States. A copy was taken thence to England by General Fox, who gave it to Mr. Richard Bentley, the publisher. To Judge Haliburton's surprise, he found that an edition that had been very favorably received had been issued in England. For some time the authorship was assigned to an American gentleman in London, until Judge Haliburton visited England and became known as the real author.

For his "Sam Slick" he received nothing from the publisher, as the work had not been copyrighted, but Mr. Bentley presented him with a silver salver, on which was an inscription written by the Rev. Richard Barham, the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends." Between Barham, Theodore Hook and Judge Haliburton an intimacy sprang up. They frequently dined together at the Athenæum Club, to which they belonged, and many good stories told by Hook and Barham were remembered by the Judge long after death had deprived him of their society.

As regards "Sam Slick," he never expected that his name would be known in connection with it, or that his productions would escape the usual fate of colonial newspaper articles. On his arrival in London, the son of Lord Abinger (the famous Sir James Scarlett) who was confined to his bed, asked him to call on his father, as there was a question which he would like to put to him. When he called, his Lordship said, "I am convinced that there is a veritable Sam Slick in

the flesh now selling clocks to the Bluenoses. Am I right?" "No," replied the Judge, "there is no such person. He was a pure accident. I never intended to describe a Yankee clockmaker or Yankee dialect; but Sam Slick slipped into my book before I was aware of it, and once there he was there to stay."

In some respects, perhaps, the prominence given to the Yankee dialect was a mistake, for, except in very isolated communities, dialect soon changes. A Harvard professor, nearly fifty years ago, indignantly protested against Sam Slick being accepted "as a typical American." His indignation was a little out of place. It would be equally foolish in an Englishman should he protest against Sam Weller being regarded as a typical Englishman. Do typical Americans wander about in out-of-the-way regions selling wooden clocks? Sam Slick represented a very limited class that sixty years ago was seen oftener in the Provinces than in the United States, but we have the best proof that The Clockmaker suggested a true type of some "Downeasters" of that day in the fact that the people of many places in the North-eastern States were for many years convinced that they had among them the original character whom Judge Haliburton had met and described.

Sixty years ago the Southern States were familiar with the sight of Sam Slicks, who had always good horses, and whose Yankee clocks were everywhere to be seen in settlers' log houses.

Since Sam Slick's day the itinerant vendor of wooden clocks has moved far west, and when met with there, is a very different personage from Sam Slick. Within the past forty years, however, veritable Sam Slicks have occasionally paid a visit to Canada. One of them sold a large number of

wooden clocks throughout Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. They were warranted to keep accurate time for a year, and hundreds of notes of hand were taken for the price. The notes passed by endorsement into third hands, but, unfortunately, the clocks would not go. Actions were brought in several counties by the indorsees, and the fact that Seth's clocks had stopped caused as much lamentation and dismay as a money panic. The first case that came up was tried before Judge Haliburton, much to the amusement of the public and to the edification of the Yankee clockmaker, who had a long homily read to him on the impropriety of cheating Bluenoses with Yankee clocks that would do anything sooner than keep time.

But a man may be a Yankee clockmaker without having the "cuteness" and common sense of Sam Slick. In his *Early Reminiscences*, Sir Daniel Lysons describes such an one who, while selling clocks in Canada, was tempted to stake his money and clocks, etc., on games of billiards with a knowing young subaltern. "The clocks soon passed into British possession. They then played for the waggon and horse. Finally, Sam Slick, pluck to the backbone, and still confident, staked his broad-brimmed hat and his coat; Bob won them; and putting them on in place of his own, which he gave to his friend Sam, he mounted the waggon and drove into barracks in triumph, to the immense amusement of the whole garrison."

An English Reader has for half a century been in use in French schools, which gives Sam Slick's chapter on "Buying a Horse" as one of its samples of classical English literature.

Experience is proving that the value attached by Sam Slick to the geographical position and natural advantages of the Province of Nova Scotia was not a mistaken one. We are, however, apt to be more grateful to those that amuse

than to those who instruct us. Many persons who laughed at Sam Slick's jokes did not relish his truths, and his popularity as an author was far greater out of Nova Scotia than in it; but it had ceased to depend on the verdict of his countrymen.

Artemus Ward pronounced him to be the "father of the American school of humor."

The illustrations of the Clockmaker by Hervieu, and of Wise Saws by Leech, supplied the conventional type of "Brother Johathan," or "Uncle Sam," with his shrewd smile, his long hair, his goatee, his furry hat, and his short striped trousers held down by long straps, a precise contrast to the conventional testy, pompous, pot-bellied John Bull, with his knee-breeches and swallow-tail coat.

Among all the numerous notices of Sam Slick's works that have appeared from time to time, that by the *Illustrated London News*, on July 15th, 1842, which was accompanied by an excellent portrait of Judge Haliburton, is the most discriminating and appreciative.

"Sam Slick's *entrée* into the literary world would appear to have been in the columns of a weekly Nova Scotian journal, in which he wrote seven or eight years ago a series of sketches illustrative of homely American character. There was no name attached to them, but they soon became so popular that the editor of the *Nova Scotian* newspaper applied to the author for permission to reprint them entire; and this being granted, he brought them out in a small, unpretending duodecimo volume, the popularity of which, at first confined to our American colonies, soon spread over the United States, by all classes of whose inhabitants it was most cordially welcomed. At Boston, at New York, at Philadelphia, at Baltimore, in short, in all the leading cities and towns of the

Union, this anonymous little volume was to be found on the drawing-room tables of the most influential members of the social community; while, even in the emigrant's solitary farm house and the squatter's log hut among the primeval forests of the Far West, it was read with the deepest interest, cheering the spirits of the backwoodsman by its wholesome, vigorous and lively pictures of every-day life. A recent traveller records his surprise and pleasure at meeting with a well-thumbed copy in a log hut in the woods of the Mississippi valley.

"The primary cause of its success, we conceive, may be found in its sound, sagacious, unexaggerated views of human nature—not of human nature as it is modified by artificial institutions and subjected to the despotic caprices of fashion, but as it exists in a free and comparatively unsophisticated state, full of faith in its own impulses and quick to sympathize with kindred humanity; adventurous, self-relying, untrammelled by social etiquette; giving full vent to the emotions that rise within its breast; regardless of the distinctions of caste, but ready to find friends and brethren among all of whom it may come in contact.

"Such is the human nature delineated in Sam Slick.

"Another reason for Sam Slick's popularity is the humor with which the work is overflowing. Of its kind it is decidedly original. In describing it we must borrow a phrase from architecture, and say that it is of a 'composite order;' by which we mean that it combines the qualities of English and Scotch humor—the hearty, mellow spirit of the one, and the shrewd, caustic qualities of the other. It derives little help from the fancy, but has its ground-work in the understanding, and affects us by its quiet truth and force and the piquant satire with which it is flavored. In a word—*it is the sunny side of common sense.*"

A review of "Nature and Human Nature" drew attention to the fact that no writer has produced purer conceptions of the female character than are to be found in Sam Slick's works. They show none of those morbid, sexualistic tendencies which are betrayed in some modern novels written by young ladies, or in semi-scientific papers on sexual subjects by "advanced females." Tacitus praised the social purity of the Germans at the expense of his corrupt fellow-countrymen. "No one there makes a jest of vice," which we may now read, "No one there writes novels about adultery." Sam Slick tells us how he romped and flirted with country girls; but in all he has written there is not the slightest trace of impropriety, even by the most remote implication. There is no harm in Sam Slick's jokes, which were originally intended for rough, plain-spoken backwoods Bluenoses of sixty years ago; for, while impurity corrupts, however refined it may be, coarseness does not. The Bible is often coarse, but never impure.

Some years before Sydney Smith made what is generally set down as his best joke, as to a day being so hot that it would be a comfort to "*take off our flesh and sit in our bones*," it had made its appearance in "Sam Slick;" and the country girl who says, "I guess I wasn't brought up at all, I growed up," probably suggested Topsy's, "spec I growed."

After this sketch had been written, a somewhat startling suggestion, that the idea of The Clockmaker had been borrowed from Dickens, and that Sam Slick was merely a Yankee version of Sam Weller, led to an inquiry into the point. The coincidences were many, and could hardly be accidental. Dickens sends off Pickwick in his wanderings without any apparent object in view, accompanied by a

shrewd and humorous Cockney valet, whose sayings and doings are the prominent feature of the book; while Judge Haliburton sends off the author on very similar travels, accompanied by a cute Yankee, for whose yarns and jokes the book is simply a peg on which they can be hung. In both cases there is the faintest apology for a connected story.

If any one had been guilty of plagiarism, it was Dickens, for the first number of the "Pickwick Papers" appeared in April, 1836, while the early chapters of "The Clockmaker" were published in 1835, and were at once widely copied by the American press, and may have been seen by Dickens.

The Cockney dialect was used as far back as 1811 in a farce by Samuel Beazley, architect; and no doubt the Yankee dialect in "The Clockmaker" was not its first appearance in literature.

Duncan Campbell says in his "History of Nova Scotia" (p. 335), "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker, immediately attracted attention. The character proved to be as original and amusing as Sam Weller. Samuel amuses us only. Slick both amuses and instructs. Rarely do we find in any character, not excepting the best of Scott's, the same degree of originality and force, combined with humor, sagacity, and sound sense, as we find in the Clockmaker. Industry and perseverance are effectively inculcated in comic story and racy narrative. In the department of instructive humor Haliburton stands, perhaps, unrivalled in English literature."

The *Spectator* (London) calls him "One of the shrewdest of humorists;" and his biographer in Chambers' Encyclopedia says, "he attained a place and fame difficult to acquire at all times—that of a man whose humor was a native of one

country and became naturalized in another, for humour is the least exotic of the gifts of Genius."

Philarète Chasles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*,* in a long and favorable notice of Judge Haliburton's works, pronounced them to be unequalled by anything that had been written in England since the days of Sir Walter Scott.

Long after "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," first appeared, it was by many persons referred to as a store-house of practical wisdom and common sense, and a *vade mecum* as to the affairs of every-day life. Forty years ago an able but very eccentric Danish Governor at St. Thomas, in the West Indies, was noted far and wide for his excessive admiration for Sam Slick's works. Whenever a very knotty point arose before him and his Council, which consisted of three persons, he used to say "We must adjourn till to-morrow. I should like to look into this point. I must see what Sam Slick has to say about it."

A traveller on reaching the most northern town in the world, Hammerfest, found that Sam Slick had been there before him, for the "Clockmaker" was a hobby and a text-book of a humorous Scotchman, who was the British consul there at that time.

Judge Haliburton was very fond of youthful society ; old men were too old for him, for he used to say that a large majority of men when they begin to grow old become very prosy. On the other hand, his humor and conversational powers were very attractive to young men. In illustration of this, the late Sir Fitzroy Kelly, who considered him the most agreeable talker he had ever met, used to tell of meeting him once during the shooting season, at a country house. Next morning, to his surprise, he found all the young men

* Tome XXVI, 307 (1841).

gathered around the Judge in the smoking room, instead of their being among the turnips. They preferred hearing Sam Slick talk to the delights of shooting.

In 1859, he consented to run for Launceston, where his friend, the Duke of Northumberland had great influence. On his election he thanked his constituents, "in behalf of four million of British subjects on the other side of the water, who, up to the present time, had not one individual in the House of Commons through whom they might be heard."

It seems almost providential that when an advocate of the Unity of the Empire was most sorely needed, he had for a quarter of a century been writing in favor of the colonies. But for the strong public opinion as to their value among the masses, whom the popularity of his works had enabled him to reach, fanatical free-traders, in order to prevent the possibility of a return to "the Colonial System," might have persuaded the nation to burn its ships by getting rid of its colonies.

A solitary colonist at that period in the House of Commons soon found that he had fallen on evil times, and that among all classes above the mass of the people, but especially among politicians, Conservative as well as Liberal, there was a growing hostility to the colonies.

> "Oh! was it wise, when, for the love of gain,
> England forgot her sons beyond the main;
> Held foes as friends, and friends as foes, for they
> To her are dearest, who most dearly pay?"

Though no one in Parliament dared to openly advocate disintegration, there was a settled policy on the part of a secret clique, whose headquarters were in the Colonial Office, to drive the colonies out of the Empire by systematic snubbing, injustice and neglect.

This infamous state of things, of which all classes of Englishmen profess now to be ashamed, was made apparent when Judge Haliburton moved in the House of Commons that some months notice should be given of the Act to throw open British markets to Baltic timber, a measure which, if suddenly put in operation, would seriously injure New Brunswick merchants; and he urged as a reason for due consideration for that interest, that it was not represented in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone did not condescend to give any explanation or reply, but led his willing majority to the vote, and the Bill was passed.

People sometimes cite what occurred at this debate as a proof that "Judge Haliburton was not a success in the House of Commons;" but it is difficult to imagine a more uncongenial audience for an advocate of Imperial Unity.

Gladstone, as if to remove any doubt as to his animus in these proceedings, sent a singularly insolent reply to a letter written to him by a New Brunswick timber merchant protesting against this unexpected measure. "You protest, as well as remonstrate. Were I to critically examine your language, I could not admit your right, even individually, to protest against any legislation which Parliament may think fit to adopt on this matter." Had the protest only been in the form of dynamite he would have submissively bowed down at the sound of that "chapel bell" which has since then from time to time called him and his cabinets to repentance. His two attempts to destroy the Empire, first by attacking its extremities through Imperial disintegration, and, next, its heart by Home Rule, alike failed; and he has retired from public life, leaving behind him the fragments, not of a great Empire, but of a shattered party.

Though a majority of both parties, Conservatives as well as

Liberals, agreed with their two leaders in their wish to get rid of the Colonies, (for Disraeli, as far back as 1852, wrote, "These wretched Colonies will all be independent in a few years, and are a millstone around our neck"), the people were wiser and more patriotic than their politicians; and in 1869 (only four years after Judge Haliburton's death) over one hundred and four thousand workingmen of London signed an address to the Queen protesting against any attempt to get rid of that heritage of the people of England—the Colonial Empire. This memorial was not considered worthy of any reply or acknowledgment.* At that time, when the fate of

* It could not have been conveniently *pigeon-holed*, for it required six men to carry it; but we may assume that it never got farther than the Home Office, and that Her Majesty never heard of it, and therefore never replied to it. The petition was written by the truest friend the colonies have ever had—one who died in harness while working in their cause—the late C. W. Eddy, who informed the writer that the Disintegration party had for a time so effectually "captured" the Royal Colonial Institute, of which he was Secretary, that the Council refused to allow the petition to lie on the table of the reading-room on the ground that it was "revolutionary!" So unsatisfactory was their conduct as late as 1872, that another colonial society would have been founded, had not the colonial element gained the day in the Institute.

How far the petition was "revolutionary" may be seen from the following extracts:

"We beg to represent to your Majesty that we have heard with regret and alarm that your Majesty has been advised to consent to give up the colonies, containing millions of acres of unoccupied land, which might be employed profitably both to the colonies and to ourselves as a field for emigration. We respectfully submit that your Majesty's colonial possessions were won for your Majesty, and settled by the valor and enterprise and the treasure of the English people; and that, having thus become part of the national freehold and inheritance of your Majesty's subjects, they are held in trust by your Majesty, and ought not to be surrendered, but transmitted to your Majesty's successors, as they were received by your Majesty."

The petition, after urging that by proclamation the mother country and the colonies should be declared to be one Empire, adds, "we would also submit that your Majesty might call to your Privy Council representatives from the colonies for the purpose of consultation on the affairs of the more distant parts of your Majesty's dominion."

England as a first-class power was in the balance, there was no need for the masses to be "educated up" to the subject; it was rather their statesmen and politicians that required to be *educated down*—down to the common sense of the common people.

The next move against the Disintegrationists was made four years later, in 1872, when "The United Empire Review" revived the now familiar watchword of the old "U. E. Loyalists" of 1776 (those Abe Lincolns, who fought for *the Union* a hundred years ago), "a United Empire;" and in 1873 an agitation was begun in the Premier's own constituency (Greenwich) against the dismemberment policy of the Government, that six months later drove them out of power at the general election.

While Gladstone was deliberately striving to breed disunion between the people of England, Scotland, Ireland and "gallant little Wales," and to get rid of our Colonial Empire, his exact antipodes in everything, Bismarck, that *Colossus of the Nineteenth Century*, was devoting his giant energies to his life-work,—the unity of Germany, and the creation of a German Colonial Empire. It is possible that, as Sam Slick's works are among his favorite books, he may have imbibed to some extent Sam Slick's ideas as to the value of our colonies, and the incredible folly of those that wished to get rid of them; and that we may here find a clue to the unmeasured contempt which the Prince used so often to openly express for English politicians But he must have been most interested in *Rule and Misrule of the English in America*, one of the most profoundly philosophical and prophetic works to be found in the literature of any country. Published in England, and by Harper Brothers, New York, in 1851, a troubled time all over Europe, and

even in America, which had its Tammany Hall rule, and, later on, its "Know-nothing Movement," it pointed out that American republican institutions, which dated back to the old Puritans, were of slow growth, and could not be acquired or preserved in European countries by revolutions and universal suffrage; and he foretold the collapse of the French Republic, the rise of Communism, the stern rule of self-imposed Imperialism, and nearly all the leading features of the political history of Europe and America since that date.

Time, however, had a marvel in store, the fruit of half a century of social and political development, which even he did not foresee—a French-Canadian Roman Catholic, supported by a Liberal majority from Quebec, ruling from ocean to ocean over a new Dominion!

Some of his views, visionary as they may have appeared fifty years ago, seem to have taken a practical shape at the Queen's Jubilee.

"The organization is all wrong. They are two people, but not one. It shouldn't be England and her colonies, but they should be integral parts of one great whole—all counties of Great Britain. There should be no tax on colonial produce, and the colonies should not be allowed to tax British manufactures. All should pass free, as from one town to another in England; the whole of it one vast home market from Hong-Kong to Labrador. . . . They should be represented in Parliament, help to pass English laws, and show them what laws they want themselves. It should no more be a bar to a man's promotion, as it is now, that he lived beyond the sea, than being on the other side of the channel. It should be our navy, our army, our nation. That's a great word, but the English keep it to themselves, and colonists have no nationality. They have no place, no station, no

rank. Honors don't reach them; coronations are blank days to them; no brevets go across the water except to the English officers, who are 'on foreign service in the colonies.' No knighthood is known there—no stars—no aristocracy—no nobility. They are a mixed race; they have no blood. They are like our free niggers. They are emancipated, but they haven't the same social position as the whites. The fetters are off, but the caste, as they call it in India, remains. *Colonists are the Pariahs of the Empire.*"

Many persons have been surprised that the ablest colonial statesmen and journalist since the days of Franklin, the Hon. Joseph Howe, "the father of Responsible Government," and an advocate of the Unity of the Empire, died without having received any mark of Imperial recognition, while a motley crowd of Maltese, Levantines and stray Englishmen in the colonies were able to add a handle to their unknown names. That this was the case need not surprise us, for the dispensing of such favors was (and we must trust no longer is) in the hands of those who were able, from behind the scenes, to pull the strings of the Dismemberment movement.

The Rev. George Grant, D.D., in a very able address at Halifax, on the life and times of Joseph Howe, said:

"We are, all of us, pupils of Haliburton and Howe. Is not this a proof that, if you would know those secrets of the future which slumber in the recesses of a nation's thought, unawakened as yet into consciousness, you must look for them in the utterances of the nation's greatest sons?"

Before closing this sketch it is but right to mention an instance (the only one) in which the British Government seemed disposed to pay a tribute to the ablest author and the most profound thinker that the Colonial Empire has yet produced. As Judge Haliburton's unrivalled mastery of

colonial questions eminently fitted him to be the Governor of an important dependency, the Colonial Office offered to appoint him President of Montserrat, a wretched little West Indian Island, inhabited by a few white families and a thousand or two of blacks. As the manufacture of Montserrat lime-juice had not then been commenced, the island must have been even more desolate and woe-begone than it now is.

"Judge Haliburton died at his residence at Isleworth, on the banks of the Thames, where he had greatly endeared himself to the people of the place during the few years which he had spent among them, and was buried in the Isleworth churchyard; and, in accordance with one of his last wishes, his funeral was plain and unostentatious."

"In the words of a local chronicler:—'The village of Isleworth will henceforth be associated with the most pleasing reminiscences of Mr. Justice Haliburton; and the names of Cowley, Thompson, Pope, and Walpole will find a kindred spirit in the world-wide reputation of the author of Sam Slick, who, like them, died on the banks of the Thames.'" *

In the same graveyard rests the immortal Vancouver. Judge Haliburton, several years before his death, was told by the sexton that a famous navigator was buried there, but he did not remember the name, as it had become illegible on the tombstone. It was found, on making enquiries, that the person in question must have been Vancouver. A new tombstone, with a suitable inscription, was placed over Vancouver's grave; and several years subsequently a tablet to his memory was erected in the church. It is to be hoped that the day will come when a suitable monument will be raised to the great explorer; and that Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's may yet become the Valhalla, not only of the Mother Country, but also of her Colonial Empire.

* Morgan's *Bibliotheca Canadensis*, p. 169.

It matters not that there is no public memorial to an author whose writings created among the masses a public opinion in favor of the colonies that baffled the dismemberment craze of English statesmen and theorists. He will have a monument as long as the British Empire lasts.

GORDON HOUSE, ISLEWORTH.

HALIBURTON AS HUMORIST AND DESCRIPTIVE WRITER.

BY H. P. SCOTT, M.A., WINDSOR, N.S.

WHEN Haliburton first presents himself as a humorist in the opening pages of "The Clockmaker," the story-telling element is the most conspicuous. His descriptive powers are not particularly noticeable until he begins the third series with his admirable picture of "The Prince's Lodge in Ruins." Character drawing again comes later, and his best efforts in this line are to be found in "The Old Judge." The influence of the "Bentley's Miscellany" set, and the advantage of editorial revision and pruning are apparent here also.

Probably the most carefully drawn of all his characters is that of Stephen Richardson in the series of chapters entitled "The Keeping Room of an Inn." He tries to put too much into the creation of Sam Slick, making one instead of several characters embodying distinct and, in some cases, antagonistic traits. Dickens never wastes his material in this way. Every character of his, however elaborately dressed up, stands for one

simple quality. Haliburton spread the idea of Sam Slick over a vast surface, trying to represent in him the genius of the United States with its many virtues and limitations. Thus in "The Socdolager" introduced in the prefatory chapter of "Sam Slick's Wise Saws," we have a character something like Edward Everett, the Unitarian preacher who became a professor and president of Harvard University, then politician and diplomatist. Clever, eloquent and versatile —a type represented in American letters to-day by Edward Eggleston—Everett also appears under his own name in an early chapter of "The Clockmaker." Rev. Ahab Meldrum embodies his views of camp-meeting excitement, in which he has been followed by the late Dr. Holland in "Arthur Bonnycastle" and by Mark Twain in one of his Mississippi sketches.

President Felton of Harvard repaid Haliburton for satirising Everett by saying some nasty things about "The Clockmaker."

It is doubtful whether American readers and critics have ever cheerfully acquiesced in the summary of their differentiation embodied in "Sam Slick." Readers may have done so, but from occasional references it is surmised that the critics are still very sore over the work. George William Curtis, for instance, in a sketch in *Harper's Easy Chair* some time ago, of the beginnings of literature in North America, stigmatizes Haliburton's creations as caricatures and extravaganzas, seen without imagination, and drawn without skill or sympathetic insight. To create some distinctly national type in literature has always been the aim of the best writers in the United States. Hawthorne studied and dreamed and wrote a life-time on the subject. Carlyle, in one of his letters to Emerson, asks him why he does not embody his ideas in some

personal sketch. No one has better limned the salient features of Americanism than Emerson in his aphoristic essays, but he tells Carlyle frankly that he cannot create a representative character. W. D. Howells has essayed the task in many elaborately drawn characters from Silas Lapham to Northwick, the manufacturing defaulter, in "The Quality of Mercy," and Jeff Durgin; but his critics are obliged to confess that they cannot remember even the names of half of his characters. Dr. H. S. Peck, in the February *Bookman*, discusses the possible ability of Mr. Howells to be the writer of the long expected American Novel, but upon the whole considers him ineligible as obscure and feeble in his powers of characterization. For want of a more striking subject for the great American Novel, how will Sam Slick do? Certainly he summarizes a great number of the national characteristics, and his range is long and his eye comprehensive. He has one western type—Lucifer Wolfe, the precursor of Mark Twain's Mississippi heroes.

The question has often been asked where Haliburton got such a clinging idea of the old-fashioned Yankee—the Yankee of sixty years ago. The descendants of the expatriated Loyalists scattered along the Nova Scotian sea-coast and rivers may have supplied him with his material. The best local description, perhaps, is that of the German and Dutch settlement of Lunenburg contained in the chapter of "The Old Judge," entitled "Hufeisen Bucht." The old Dutchman, seated bolt upright in his chair surrounded by the goods which he had found in the deserted French fort, elevating his toe as if in derision of some gentleman at Lunenburg—as Rudolph, Von Zwicker or Oxuer, who had belonged to good families in their own country, and who had in consequence been the life-long objects of his envy and malevolence, and

whom he thinks he has now got even with—is spiritedly conceived and drawn. It is odd that no one has ever projected an annotated edition of these books. Many allusions have already become obscure, and more are growing dim in the popular memory. He speaks, for instance, of "Old Mrs. Fuller, that married her sister's husband's brother"—*Crane Fuller* that was—an evident allusion to the famous *repartee* that Deacon Crane got off on Deacon Fuller who had inquired of him the difference between certain species of wild-fowl. Names of places and people, historical references and the like will be the subject of debate before many years have passed away. Now would be a good time for the publication of such an edition while these things could be in part elucidated. His letters, too, have never been published, and he must have left unpublished, as every writer does, sketches which the public would like to see. How eagerly everything that Hawthorne ever put on paper has been seized upon and printed! Even inferior writers generally have friends who consider it a sacred duty to bring out their posthumous works. How many good things would have perished save for this!

If one were asked to give a selection of passages in which Haliburton appears at his best as merely a humorist, the following might be named:

The Deacon and the French Acadian Horsetrader.—"The Attaché," Chapter xxvii.

The Snow-wreath.—"Clockmaker," Chapter ix.

Bedding Old Clay.—"The Attaché," Chapter xi.

Fire in the Dairy.—"The Attaché," Chapter xxviii.

The Talisman.—"Clockmaker," second series. Chapter x.

Wilmot Springs.—"Clockmaker," second series. Chapter vi.

A Pippin.—"Old Judge," Chapter xvi.

Passages in which humor is intermingled with descriptive touches:

A Hot Day.—"Wise Saws," Chapter xxiv.

A Picnic at La Have.—"Wise Saws," Chapter xxvi.

Aunt Thankful.—"Wise Saws," Chapter xx.

A Juicy Day in the Country.—"The Attaché," Chapter ii.

Passages purely descriptive:

The Prince's Lodge.—"Clockmaker," third series. Chapter i.

A Long Night and a Long Story.—"Old Judge," Chapter xiii.

The Lone House.—"Old Judge," Chapter cxl.

Hufeisen Bucht.—"Old Judge," Chapter xvii.

The Chesapeake in Halifax Harbor.—Murdoch's "History of Nova Scotia," Volume iii., page 352.

Louisbourg.—"Nature and Human Nature," Chapter xxv.

Sam Slick ranks with Pickwick, Dick Swiveller, the Marquis of Steyne, Judge Pyncheon and the other greater creations of fiction of the century. There are various stories of how and where Haliburton captured him, whether from the fund of stories of his coachman, Lennie Geldert, who drove him round on circuit, or from Judge Peleg Wiswell, or with a flesh-and-blood clockmaker, Seth; but, after sifting all of them, the conclusion is reached that he had, at most, but shadows to assist him in embodying his idea. No type of humor since My Uncle Toby has been so thoroughly worked out as Sam Slick. The reader of the second part of "The Attaché" has a lurid picture, which fairly burns itself into the memory, of the actual crime and spoliation which accompanied the outbreak of the Canadian rebellion, and which, no doubt, tinged Haliburton's mind with a horror of extreme popular movements.

Sam and his companion visit d'Anville's sunken fleet in a

diving-bell. "The ships," he says, "are still distinctly visible in calm weather, and the rising ground in the neighborhood, where the Duc d'Anville and his mighty host were buried, is again clothed with wood, and not to be distinguished from the surrounding forest, except by the inequality of the surface, caused by numerous trenches cut into it to receive the dead. The whole scene is one of surpassing beauty and deep and melancholy interest. The ruined lodge, the sunken fleet, the fatal encampment, the lovely and desolate cemetery of those unfortunate strangers, form a more striking and painful assemblage of objects than is to be found in any other part of British America."

A summer's residence, some years ago, on the shores of Bedford Basin, with its rarely-broken Sabbath stillness, made me well acquainted with the peaceful beauties of the above locality. It is an odd fact that the Duke of Kent's half-dozen broken years' stay here is about the only romantic occurrence in our later history. For a long time it formed the one great subject about which gossips of a historical turn of mind loved to talk. Old men and women living in Halifax until recently remembered the Prince with his French friend, Madame St. Laurent. On the Prince's marriage she went into a convent. One story ran that on their arrival here Lady Inglis, the bishop's wife, cried, "Tut! I won't call on the nasty French hussy!" But she had to do it.

True, there is the story of the ghost of Dr. Copeland's wife, which appeared to the brave Captain Torrens one lovely night on Sable Island (told in Sam Slick's Wise Saws, chapter xvi.); but there is nothing definite for the imagination to work on except this semi-regal residence of Prince Edward, his father's aversion, by Bedford Basin, the inner harbor of Chebucto. In spite of the lapse of time and the complete absence of

repairs, it is surprising how vivid an impression may be obtained from the ruins of what the grounds were in their prime.

Sam has a horse, "Old Clay," that will do his fourteen miles an hour. "He can pick up miles on his feet, throw 'em behind him faster than a steam doctor a racin' off with another man's wife." "Mr. Slick proposed drawing me in his wagon to Horton, by the Mount Denson road, that I might have an opportunity of seeing what he pronounced to be some of the most beautiful scenery in the province. . . . I was by no means prepared to find a scene of such exquisite beauty as now lay before me. I had seen at different times a good deal of Europe and much of America, but I have seldom seen anything to be compared to the view of the Basin of Minas and its adjacent landscape, as it presents itself to you on your ascent of Mount Denson (five miles below Windsor, on the opposite shore of the Avon), and yet, strange to say, so little is it known or appreciated here, that I never recollect to have heard it spoken of before as anything remarkable." Haliburton comments upon the rapid transmission of slang words and phrases through the States, and points out the great differences (greater in his time than now) between the dialects and humor of the various sections of the country, therein anticipating the learned disquisitions of Homer Wilbur in "The Bigelow Papers." Finally, this curious pair of tourists arrive at Slickville, where Sam is publicly entertained, and shortly afterwards, on the strength of his literary (?) reputation, appointed attaché to the U. S. Legation in London.

In "The Attaché," Sam comes up radiant as ever with his social discoveries in England. The Derby, he opines, is the best place in which to see the wealth of the country. He

publishes, also, an interview with his chief, Edward Everett, on whom Haliburton seems to have a special "pick," now introduced as Abednego Layman. "Books," he says, "spile your mind. I wouldn't swap ideas with any man. The Turks are so cursed lazy, they hire people to dance for 'em. The English are wuss, for they hire people to think for 'em. Never read a book, squire; always think for yourself."

Haliburton made the Yankee of literature. The English, to this day, draw the old Sam Slick figure when they caricature the people of the Union. As much as the English travel over here, they have never accepted any other type of American than the nasal-speaking, slangy, under-bred, half-educated figment of the earlier tourists. So much for Haliburton's literary force. The man who could stamp into such a nation the impression of his humor to last so many years after his time, must have been not without some kind of power. Haliburton's greatest success was achieved in the conversational passages. In this medium he could be very effective; but, when he tried plain narrative, he was apt to become dry and prosy. At Dutch painting, in the school of broad humor, he was as good as any of his successors. Whilst in Annapolis Royal, where the years of his earlier manhood were passed, he resided in one of the most picturesque and historically interesting nooks of America, and his practice as a lawyer brought him into relations with a very clearly-marked order of humanity. The descendants of those Acadians, who were scattered along the Atlantic seaboard by Governor Lawrence, are thickly settled along the shores of Annapolis basin. Their queer habits and naive talk furnished plenty of opportunities for the humorist. That favorite poser of Slick's, "How many fins has a cod at a word?" was probably taken out of the mouth of some rakish

schooner-skipper from St. Mary's Bay or Chegogin. For this kind of writing by his early life, his travels, his genial observant nature, and, more than all, by his exceptional opportunities as a judge on circuit in a sparsely settled country in which individualism is apt to be fostered, he was well equipped. For there is, probably, no position in which a man of quick apprehension, keen sympathies, and clear insight, like Fielding, can obtain such a wide familiarity with the characters and dialects and ways of thinking of the masses as on a bench of justice. The human mind is laid bare to the accurate observer in such positions. Dickens may have had a larger idea than a mere wish for a permanent and assured income, when he thought seriously of trying for the job of a London police court magistrate.

If one were asked to give, in a few words, the most prominent characteristics of everyday life during the year in Nova Scotia, he could not do better than to quote a portion of Chapter XIX. of "The Old Judge," entitled "Comers and Goers."

"The seasons in this colony are not only accompanied by the ordinary mutations of weather observed in other countries but present a constant and rapid succession of incidents and people. From the opening of the ports to the close of navigation, everything and everybody is in motion. The whole province is a sort of railroad station, where crowds are perpetually arriving and departing. It receives an immigrant population, and either hurries it onward or furnishes another of its own in exchange. It is the land of comers and goers. The yeomanry of the rural districts approach nearer to the character of inhabitants than do those who dwell in towns or villages, but the love of change is inherent even among them, and richer lands, warmer climates and

better times, those meteor terms that seduce them thither, still precede them and light the way to Canada or the far west, to ruin or the grave. That portion which may be denominated society, presents the same dissolving views. New groups gradually fill the space vacated by others. The new know not the old, and the old inhabitant feels that he is in the land of strangers. Day by day, the exchange of emigration for immigration continues with this difference, that they who go seldom return, except to speak of disappointment and broken fortunes, and that those who come remain only for a season."

Then follows a most graphic and faithful description of the changes in temperature, customs and habits, dress amusements and work from the opening of spring with its "robin" or "wild geese" storms to the return of winter. This chapter is our *Ilias in nuce.*

Observe also the nice powers of perception he employs in describing the change of autumn leaves:

"There has been a slight frost near the brook that brawls down the mountain side, for there is a variegated waving scarf-likestrip of foliage extending each side of it, and marking all its devious courses with its bright colors of a thousand tints, while the leaves of the trees on the dry land have escaped this first stage of decay. In a few days the whole scene becomes changed, and all is enveloped in a blaze of beauty. The larch rises like a cone of gold, the maple is clothed with a crimson robe, fading in the distance into changeable shades of brown; the beech presents its bright yellow leaves, gradually yielding to a strong green near the trunk, where the frost has not yet penetrated; and the birch with its white stem and gaudy coloring, is relieved by a pale grey tint, produced by the numerous branches of trees that

have already shed their leaves, and by the rich glowing colors of the fruit of the ash ; while the tremulous aspen grieves in alarm at the universal change around it, and timidly exposes its reversed leaf to the sun, in the vain hope of protecting it from its baneful influence. The dark and melancholy-looking pines and firs defy the effects of alternate heat and cold, and as they tower above the work of destruction, break with their pointed tops the smooth uniform round outlines of the hard-wood trees. It is a rich and gaudy but transitory scene, for the rude southern blasts will soon tear the fluttering leaves from their stems, and the forest will again exhibit the same cold cheerless naked aspect as when lately breathed upon by the first genial air of spring."

HALIBURTON: THE MAN AND THE WRITER.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON,

Author of "The Major's Big-talk Stories," etc., etc.

IN the eyes of the English-speaking world outside of the Dominion of Canada, Haliburton is still the most prominent man of letters yet produced in any existing Province of British North America. Within the last few years three of his works have been republished by one London house, and no less than six by another, and some new editions have also been issued in the United States.

Yet in Canada, whose rights and interests he zealously maintained in his parliamentary speeches as well as in his books, he has not generally been given his rightful place of honor. In a somewhat flippant *résumé* of "English-Canadian Literature" in *The Week* (Toronto) of August 28, 1884, written by a New Brunswick *littérateur*, Haliburton was not even referred to! And it is only of late that even Nova Scotia, whose resources he has done more than any other human being to make known, has begun to grant him his due precedence

among her more eminent sons. His biographer in the "Bibliotheca Canadensis" has illustrated this comparative lack of appreciation for Haliburton in the land of his birth by pointing out that, shortly after his own college gave him the honorary degree of M.A., the great University of Oxford found him worthy of the higher degree of D.C.L. Certainly there has been of late years a revival of local interest in Haliburton, as is evidenced by the formation of the Haliburton Club at Windsor, whose first President was Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, himself one of the most eminent Canadian authors. This revived interest has been recently fanned, here as well as elsewhere, by the champions of Imperial Federation and by the censors of the expatriation of the Acadians, who have been widely quoting Haliburton in support of their opinions.

This is not a biographical sketch of Judge Haliburton, but a slight study of him as a writer, thinker and observer. It may, however, smooth the way for Haliburton's future biographer, if I step aside from my task to correct a few strange errors which have come under my notice.

Whoever wrote the short sketch of Haliburton in Allibone's Dictionary of English Literature evidently confuses our Nova Scotian *author* with his chief *creation*, "Sam Slick." Judge Haliburton, according to this bewildered biographer, "in 1842 visited England *as an attaché of the American Legation (!)*, and in the next year embodied the results of his observations in his amusing work, 'The Attaché; or Sam Slick in England.'" This curious mistake had previously been made by the British "Annual Register" for 1865, in its obituary of the Judge.

Haliburton was appointed Chief Justice of the Inferior Courts of Common Pleas for the Middle Division of Nova

Scotia (an office which, by the way, is generally misnamed) in the year 1829. He was made a Judge of the Supreme Court in 1841. He resigned the latter office early in 1856, and soon afterwards took his final departure for England. But the "Encyclopædia Britannica" says, "Within two years (of his appointment) he resigned his seat on the bench"—an error of just thirteen years! Appleton's "Cyclopædia of American Biography" follows the "Britannica" in this blunder, as well as in giving 1840 as the date of his appointment to the Supreme Bench. "The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography" fixes the date of his resignation only six years before the event. "In 1847," it observes, "Mr. Haliburton contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* a story entitled 'The Old Judge.' Three years later Mr. Haliburton resigned his colonial judgeship, and exchanged the narrow field of colonial life for the wider sphere of political life in England." "The Bibliotheca Canadensis" also falls into the error that the Courts of Common Pleas in Nova Scotia were abolished, and Haliburton appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court in 1840. Both events occurred in 1841.

The four books which alone narrate the sayings and doings of the celebrated Samuel Slick, of Slickville, are, in their chronological order, "The Clockmaker," "The Attaché," "Wise Saws," and "Nature and Human Nature." Two others, "The Letter-Bag of the Great Western" and "The Bubbles of Canada," are expressly attributed to Mr. Slick as their author, as may be gathered from the last letter in the former, and from the dedication of the latter work; and publishers have placed the name of Sam Slick on the covers of "The Old Judge," "The Season Ticket," "American Humor," and "Americans at Home."

The first series of "The Clockmaker," which first appeared

in *The Nova Scotian* in 1835 and 1836, was published in book form in Halifax and London in 1837. The second series was issued in 1838; the third in 1840. In most later editions the three series make one volume. The cute dodges of the clockmaker in pushing his trade are said to have been reminiscences of suits tried by Haliburton, and brought by an itinerant vendor of clocks for the payment of notes given him for his time-pieces. In the first chapter of "The Attaché" its ostensible writer speaks of "The Clockmaker" as an accidental hit, a success which he did not purpose to imperil by experimenting in other literary lines. "When Sam Slick," he says, "ceases to speak, I shall cease to write." But Haliburton's self-confidence grew with his fame, and he failed to keep this modest resolution.

"The Attaché," the two series of which appeared respectively in 1843 and 1844, was probably suggested by Dickens' "American Notes," which had been published early in 1842. After deprecating Slick's lively indignation at the latter book, "the Squire" observes in "The Attaché": "If the English have been amused by the sketches *their* tourists have drawn of the Yankees, perhaps the Americans may laugh at *our* sketches of the English." "The Attaché," however, is not uniformly satirical. Slick's own descriptions of persons and things in this work are indeed, as they are meant to be, generally jaundiced caricatures. But some social sketches by other personages are drawn with strict fidelity, and some even with a slight partiality for England. The sub-title of this book, "Sam Slick in England," has been made the only title in some editions.

This last remark may be made also of "Wise Saws and Modern Instances," which has been given to the public, at least once, under its second title of "Sam Slick in Search of a

Wife." The earliest edition of "Wise Saws" of which I am aware is the London edition of 1854. "Nature and Human Nature" is a continuation of "Wise Saws," and concludes the record of the sayings and doings of the redoubted Sam Slick.

The earliest of Judge Haliburton's works was his "Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia," published in Halifax in 1829. His opinion that the expulsion of the Acadians was unjustifiable has often been quoted in recent controversies, and so has his misleading statement that there were "no traces of this important event among the records" at Halifax, and that "the particulars of this affair seem to have been carefully concealed." It may therefore be well to put on record once more that Haliburton was not a very painstaking searcher of documents. Indeed, as some gentlemen still living can testify, he was content to obtain many of his facts and statistics vicariously. Had he been more industrious in his researches, he would doubtless have found in the Province Building the important papers on the subject of the expatriation which have since been arranged (and some of them printed) by Mr. T. B. Akins.

There is now no doubt that our author's History tinctured Longfellow's picture of the expulsion. "The poet," says his brother and biographer, "read such books as were attainable; Haliburton, for instance, with his quotations from the Abbé Raynal." The pathetic separations of kinsfolk are dwelt upon in our Nova Scotian historian's chapter on the expulsion, particularly in the "humble petition" from the Acadian exiles in Pennsylvania; and the name of "René Lablanc, the notary public," is expressly mentioned. But may not the publication of Haliburton's History have been a link in the chain of incidents that led to the *inception* of "Evangeline"?

The tale of the separated Acadian lovers, it is well known, was told to Longfellow by Hawthorne, who had heard it from his friend, the Rev. H. L. Conolly, at one time rector of a church in South Boston. "The incident had been related to him by a parishioner of his, Mrs. Haliburton," writes the Rev. Samuel Longfellow. This was Mrs. George Haliburton, an aunt by marriage of the Judge's. Is it not likely that her attention was first drawn to the Acadians by the touching description of their virtues and their woes in the History written by her nephew?

Haliburton himself does not seem to have thought very highly of his History in later years. In chapter 9 of the second series of "The Clockmaker," the Squire refers to it slightingly as "Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia, which, next to Mr. Josiah Slick's History of Cattyhunk in five volumes, is the most important account of unimportant things I have ever seen."

Our author's second historical book was "The Bubbles of Canada," a series of letters on Canada and the Imperial Colonial policy, purporting to be written by Sam Slick, in 1838, but showing none of the clockmaker's peculiarities of diction. The last letter ends with a quasi-prophetic warning: "The fate of Canada will determine that of all the colonies. The retreat of the soldiers will invite the incursions of the barbarians, and the withdrawal of the legions, like those of Rome, from the distant parts of the Empire will show that England, conscious of her present weakness and past glories, is contracting her limits and concentrating her energies to meet, as becomes her character, the destiny that awaits all human greatness." The drift and aim of the work are shown in these closing words, as well as in the characteristic note beneath, in which the author urges ironically that a

tree "would be much more vigorous, if the branches, with their prodigious expenditure on the leaves, were all lopped off (for it is a well-known fact that the trunk supplies the branches with sap, and not the branches the trunk), and that the stem would be larger, stronger and better without such useless and expensive appendages."

"Rule and Misrule of the English in America," the last of Haliburton's historical works, appeared in 1851. It is a general history of the British Colonies on this continent, valuable for its philosophic comments and its thoughtfully reasoned theories of colonial government. In this work he essays to prove that "American Democracy does not owe its origin to the Revolution and to the great statesmen that formed the Federal Constitution; but that a Republic *de facto* was founded at Boston in 1630, which subsisted in full force and vigor for more than half a century."

"The Letter-Bag of the Great Western, or Life in a Steamer," first published in 1839, is a collection of letters supposed to be written by various passengers from England to America in the famous steamship of that name. These letters contain not only comments upon life at sea, but the writers' reflections on the country they are leaving or the country they are going to—a plan which enables the author to present us with some lively studies in his favorite subject, human nature.

In 1846 and 1847 Haliburton contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* a series of papers, which in 1849 were collected in the book entitled "The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony." This work depicts various phases of life in Acadia in the earlier part of this century. As in the "Sam Slick" series, the plot is a mere thread on which to string facts, jests and opinions. Little interest seems to be invited, and certainly

none is aroused, for the English traveller who listens to and notes the Old Judge's tales, and adds his own experiences to them. In works designed to inform as much as to amuse, this weakness of the main plot is not an unmixed defect, if it be a defect at all. One is not irritated by Haliburton's innumerable digressions so much as by the far fewer interludes which break the continuity of Victor Hugo's thrilling romances. Hugo's episodes are charmingly told, it is true, but then it is difficult to appreciate even the loveliest landscape when one is looking at an exciting race. One can, however, turn aside without impatience to read the monologues in "The Old Judge." Some of them, like the chapter on "The Seasons," are rather long, it is true, for any reader with only a slight appetite; but they are all germane to the author's design to give outsiders a fair idea of Nova Scotia. The Old Judge's opinions, by the way, seem to march pretty closely with Haliburton's own.

"Traits of American Humour" and "Americans at Home," (also published under the title of "Yankee Stories") are merely collections of tales, mirthful or marvellous, edited by Haliburton, but culled from American books and periodicals.

His latest work was "The Season Ticket," a series of miscellaneous notes made and conversations reported by a Mr. Shegog, the holder of a season ticket on an English railroad. The papers which comprise this work were first published anonymously in *The Dublin University Magazine*, in 1858 and 1859, and were afterwards sold by the author, with the right of attaching his name thereto, to Messrs. Bentley and Son. By this firm the copyright of the papers was resold to Frederick Warne & Co., who published them in book form. Owing, perhaps, to the fact that "The Season Ticket" appeared originally without the author's name, and that it

deals mainly, though not exclusively, with British topics, this book was almost unknown in Nova Scotia a few years ago. Indeed none of Judge Haliburton's friends or relations in the Province, with whom I spoke on the subject, were aware of the existence of this work. One of them having at first doubted the authenticity of the book, and its name being omitted in Allibone's Dictionary, the Bibliotheca Canadensis, and every other list of Haliburton's works which I had seen, I wrote to Messrs. Warne & Co., and by their courtesy ascertained the facts stated above. The papers in *The Dublin University Magazine* are correctly credited to Haliburton in the last edition of the *Index to Periodical Literature*—a publication which generally succeeds in tracing the authorship of unsigned articles. "The Season Ticket" is important to the student of Haliburton, showing, as it does, that his conservative and imperialistic views, and his opinions of the resources and needs of Nova Scotia and Canada, were not materially changed in his old age. In this book, too, we may be sure that the author expresses himself absolutely without fear or favor, for it was evidently designed to remain anonymous. Otherwise he would hardly have been bold enough to make a gentleman (p. 123) group him with the two greatest writers of the day and scoff at the influential Athenæum Club, of which Haliburton was a member. "Defend me from a learned Club like mine!" observes Mr. Cary. "The members are not genial, and they must be incurable, when such men as Thackeray, Sam Slick, and Dickens, who (to their credit be it spoken) are all smokers, can't persuade them"—to have a smoking room.

I have now noticed all of Haliburton's books, unless one credited to him in Morgan's "Bibliotheca Canadensis," but seemingly unknown to all his other biographers and friends, is really his. This is "Kentucky, a Tale. London, 1834. 2 vols., 12mo."

Besides his books Haliburton published a few pamphlets, including "A Reply to Lord Durham's Report," and a couple of speeches delivered in Great Britain. "A General Description of Nova Scotia," a pamphlet published in Halifax in 1825, and which is attributed to Haliburton in the "Bibliotheca Canadensis," is in the same compilation also attributed to its real author, Walter Bromley.

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Judge Haliburton was an Epicurean philosopher, modified a little, for the better by Christianity, and for the worse by practical politics. He loved fun and creature comforts. He smoked a great deal, he drank moderately, and he did not try to conceal these weaknesses.

It must be admitted that he sometimes carried his love of fun to unseemly lengths, and *that* even on the bench. A well-known ex-governor of this Province humorously described how on one occasion, when a very young lawyer, he was conducting a cause before Haliburton, and how, during his examination of a certain witness he was pleased to observe his lordship apparently making careful and continuous notes. All the time, however, the judge had been merely sketching a caricature of the witness, who was afflicted with a most colossal and peculiar nose! This sketch he afterwards showed to the youthful barrister, much to his surprise and disillusionment. It cannot be denied, either that Haliburton's keen relish for the ludicrous has sometimes made him stoop to unmistakable *double entendres*. In palliation of some of these, at least, it may be urged that their wit preponderates over their grossness.

Our author makes his "Old Judge" declare himself to be "in religion a Churchman, and in politics a Conservative, as is almost every gentleman in these colonies." His tastes and

instincts were both conservative and aristocratic. He disliked innovations, unless they were unquestionable improvements. Certain articles of furniture, some of them solid, but others lighter and flimsier, "are types," says the Old Judge, "of the new and old generation; for, alas, it is to be feared that what has been gained in appearance has been lost in substance, in things of far more value and importance." Haliburton would have liked to see the old *régime* restored in France, minus the feudal prerogatives whose abuse occasioned the Revolution. Before that uprising, says his ideal divine, Mr. Hopewell, (Attaché, c. 38), France had "a clergy of gentry." "A mild, tolerant, gentle, humble creed, like that of a Christian, should be taught and exemplified by a gentleman; for nearly all his attributes are those of a Christian. This is not theory. An Englishman is himself a practical example of the benefits resulting from the union between the Church and State, and the clergy and the gentry." In these and many other of his utterances Mr. Hopewell is evidently voicing the Judge's own views, tinctured by his affectionate intercourse with the venerable Abbé Sigogne, an exile of the Revolution.

Failing a union of Church and State, Mr. Hopewell believed in fixed stipends and fixed tenure for clergymen. Where their bread and butter depends upon their flock, there must be, he thought, a temptation to preach only *popular* doctrines. He is made to describe his own humiliating experiences. He was "catechised like a converted heathen." Various parishioners refused to pay their contributions; one because the pastor didn't join the temperance society and therefore countenanced drunkenness; another because he smoked, and tobacco was raised by slaves; another because he prayed for a rascally President; another

because he was too Calvinistic; another because he was an Arminian. In consequence this excellent parson was well-nigh starved. Under the voluntary system, thought Haliburton, a minister is in danger either of losing his soul to save his body, or of losing his body to save his soul.

Our author disapproved of voting by ballot and universal suffrage. To the latter Mr. Hopewell traced the repudiation of their debts by certain States of the Union. "When we speak," he said, "of the honor of the American people and of the English people we speak of two different things, because the word people is not used in the same sense. . . . The question of payment or non-payment in the repudiating States has been put to every male in those States over the age of twenty-one, and repudiation has been the result" (Attaché, c. 52). And he declared that the national debt of England would also be repudiated, if the decision rested with all the adults of the United Kingdom. "Now," observed the same reverend gentleman to Sam Slick, at a time when the franchise was still restricted, "now men of property and education make laws to govern rogues and vagabonds, but by your beautiful scheme of universal suffrage rogues and vagabonds will make laws to govern men of property and character."

Judge Haliburton, in his historical works, opposed the granting of responsible government to the colonies, and Mr. Hopewell is made to utter a set tirade against it in "The Attaché" (c. 43).

Our author held that the tyranny of mobs and majorities may be quite as bad and unbearable as that of despots. This opinion is expressed at length by "the Squire" in his parallel between Russia and the United States, and by Mr. Hopewell in his parallel between the latter country and Great Britain,

with its constitutional antidotes to ephemeral fads and frenzies. These parallels are to be found, respectively, in chapters 12 and 15 of the Second Series of "The Clockmaker."

Under democratic forms of government, Mr. Hopewell thought, the parable of the bramble, elected King of trees, is perpetually illustrated. "The olive, the fig and the vine decline the honor. Content to remain in the sphere in which Providence has placed them, performing their several duties in a way creditable to themselves and useful to the public, they prefer pursuing the even tenor of their way to being transplanted into the barren soil of politics, where a poisonous atmosphere engenders a feeble circulation and a sour and deteriorated fruit. Republicanism has caused our country to be overrun by brambles. The Reform Bill has greatly increased them in England, and responsible government has multiplied them tenfold in the colonies."

The ultra conservatism of our author peeps forth again in the clockmaker's funny classification of colonial patriots (Clockmaker, 3, c. 13). His "true patriot," it will be noticed, is simply a high-minded tory, "who supports existin' institutions as a whole, but is willin' to mend or repair any part that is defective." But staunch conservative as he was, Haliburton could see and deplore some wrongs and abuses that professed levelers wholly ignored.

Politics, in our author's estimation, was a poor and overcrowded business everywhere, but especially in the colonies. "It would amuse, or rather I should say disgust you," says Barclay in "The Old Judge," "to see how men and not measures, office and not principle, is at the bottom of our colonial politics." Sam Slick suggested that a law should be enacted against quack politicians, as being infinitely more

dangerous than quack doctors. In spite, however, of his pessimistic views about politicians, Haliburton believed that neither political party, here or elsewhere, would think so bitterly of the other party if it studied its aims and arguments faithfully and thoroughly. But this is well-nigh impossible, for as the clockmaker observed, "both are fooled and gulled by their own designing champions."

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To this petty game of politics he lamented that his countrymen devoted far too much attention; and he exhausted his stores of epigram and ridicule in trying to open their eyes to the fact. If Cumberland folk, said Sam Slick, would attend more to rotations than elections, and to top-dressing than redressing, it would be well for them. To a fisherman who boasted that he had come from the biggest political meeting he ever saw, Slick retorted that by so doing he had missed the biggest meeting *he* had ever seen—of mackerel. Haliburton felt the truth of Goldsmith's lines:

> "How small, of all that human hearts endure,
> The part which laws or Kings can cause or cure!"

Yet he saw too many of his countrymen waiting inertly for political panaceas, or else wasting their energy in clamoring for them. One third of the day, according to Mr. Slick, was usually given to work, two-thirds of it was "blowin' time." "What the Irish and machinery don't do for 'em," says Steve Richardson, "they expect legislators to do." Nova Scotians, says another of Haliburton's characters, have "everything but enterprise, and that, I do believe in my soul, they expect to find a mine of and dig out of the earth as they do coal."

It is singularly characteristic of Haliburton that he attributed these alleged failings of his countrymen partly to

"the almost universal suffrage that exists in the Province." "Where the lower orders form the majority of electors," observed the Old Judge, "their vanity is appealed to and not their judgment—their passions and not their reason; and the mass, instead of being elevated in intelligence by the exercise of political power, is lowered by the delusion and craft of which it is made the willing victim. Nova Scotians have been so often assured that they are the ablest, the wisest and best of men, though their rulers are both ignorant and corrupt, and that they have a rich and fertile country, blessed with a climate more salubrious and agreeable than that of any other part of the world, they begin to think that law and not industry, government and not enterprise is all that is wanting." And certainly if the electors were actually persuaded that they possessed every moral and material factor of prosperity, and nevertheless were *not* prosperous, they would be easily induced to lay the blame on their government and to concentrate their efforts to reverse its disastrous policy. "If any man were to say to them that their winters are long and severe, their springs late, cold and variable . . . ; or venture to assert that, although the province abounds with mineral wealth, skill and capital and population are necessary to its successful development; or that, although the innumerable streams that intersect the country in every direction are admirably adapted for manufactories, the price of labor is yet too high to render such speculations safe or profitable; and, above all, to tell them that they are idle, conceited and ignorant;" the result would be, in the Old Judge's opinion, that the demagogues would denounce him as "an enemy to the people, a vile slanderer and a traitor to his country."

According to Mr. Slick, Nova Scotians yielded to laziness and procrastination *without any loss of self-esteem.* Like

many other sluggards, they had their conscientious reasons: "When the spring comes and the fields are dry enough to be sowed, they have all to be plowed, *'cause fall rains wash the lands too much for fall plowin'*. Well, the plows have to be mended and sharpened, *'cause what's the use of doin' that afore it's wanted?* Well, the wheat gets in too late, and then comes rust, but whose fault is that? Why, *the climate to be sure*, for Nova Scotia aint a bread country."

The same acute observer attributed the more general business success of the Yankees mainly to their more persistent industry. *Their* farmers had an endless round of employment, as explained in detail in "The Clockmaker" (1, c. 23). "Instead of racin' over the country, like a young doctor, to show how busy a man is that has nothin' to do, as Bluenose does, and then takes a 'blowin' time,' *we* keep a rael travellin' gait, an eight-mile-an-hour pace, the whole year round."

But, though he freely criticised his countryman's faults, with a view to their reform, Judge Haliburton also recognized and advertised the many advantages of his native province. There is an enthusiastic enumeration of its natural resources in the second series of "The Clockmaker," chapter 19, where Slick foretells that Nova Scotia is destined to have the greatest trade, the greatest population, the most manufactures, and the most wealth of any state this side of the water. The most intelligent and high-minded of the personages introduced in "The Season Ticket," draws a flattering picture of the Maritime Provinces, closing in these words: "There is no point in Nova Scotia more than thirty miles distant from navigable water. The whole of the borders of the latter province are washed by the ocean, which in that region furnishes one of the most extensive and valuable

fisheries in the world. Nova Scotia abounds with coal, iron ore, gypsum, grindstone, slate, lead, manganese, plumbago, copper, etc., which, being recently liberated from the monopoly under which they have so long been excluded from public competition, will soon attract the capital and skill requisite for their development. It is the most eastern part of America, and of course the nearest to Europe. It is not too much to say that its wonderful mineral wealth, its noble harbors, its fertile soil, its extensive fisheries, its water powers, its temperate climate arising from its insular position, and last—not least—its possession of the winter outlet and through passage by railway from England to New Brunswick, Canada and the United States, all indicate that it is destined for an extended commerce, for the seat of manufactories, the support of a large population, and for wielding a controlling power on the American continent."

These and other good words said of Nova Scotia in "The Season Ticket," which was published anonymously and after the author had finally left the province, cannot have been written to win local popularity, but from a genuine appreciation of his native land.

To attain the prosperity which nature seemed to have destined for them, Nova Scotians wanted, according to Haliburton, more zeal and concentration in their work; less attention to politics (though not less watchfulness of political place-holders); less false pride (which set some people against agriculture and other honorable industries); more confidence in domestic enterprises; and at the same time a little less self-complacency, that they might recognize their faults and reform them.

Only a very loose thinker can confound the satirist of a nation's weaknesses, like Haliburton, or even a caricaturist

of them, like Dickens, with the pessimists who, blind to their country's resources, magnify and parade and harp upon its drawbacks. To call attention to the remediable faults of one's countrymen is the action of a friend; to advertise the irremediable disadvantages of one's country is the action of an enemy. There can be little doubt that Haliburton's satirical criticisms have borne wholesome fruit, first in some country towns and districts and later in slow old Halifax itself. Yet, in the opinion of some observers, every one of the defects which he pointed out remains to-day, if not in the whole province, at least in sections of it. At all events Haliburton's vicarious sarcasms had not produced the swift and signal results which he doubtless fancied he discerned, and which Sam Slick complacently notes in "Nature and Human Nature" (c. 18). "I have held the mirror up to these fellows," he says, "to see themselves in, and it has scared them so they have shaved slick up and made themselves decent. . . . The blisters I have put on their vanity stung 'em so they jumped high enough to see the right road, and the way they travel ahead now is a caution to snails."

Since Haliburton's death, Dudley Warner has written his "Baddeck"; Miss Reeves has laid the scene of her "Pilot Fortune" in Digby County; C. G. D. Roberts and Grace Dean McLeod have written various tales of the Province; Professor de Mille has made Nova Scotia the theatre of the adventures of the "B.O.W.C." and the "Grand Pré School"; Carman, Roberts, Lockhart and Eaton have sung of Acadian scenery; the Abbé Casgrain has made his "Pélerinage au Pays d'Evangeline"; and several other literary tourists have printed their impressions of Acadie. Yet it is not too much to say that Haliburton has advertised the Province

more effectively than any other writer, except the great poet who has thrown a halo of romance around her shores.

A better picture of Nova Scotian life and characteristics, at the time when he wrote at all events, is given by Haliburton than by any other writer. To depict the life of to-day accurately the picture would need, of course, to be retouched; some old features would have to be erased and some new features to be painted in. Such blendings of work and fun as "raisings," "log-rollings" or "rolling frolics," "huskings," "bees," and "apple-peelings," are now obsolete or obsolescent, owing to the denser settlement of the country and the increased use of machinery. "Pickinick stirs" are replaced by more conventional and temperate picnics. When such jovial gatherings had already died out in Haliburton's time, he found the result regrettable. Men lost their cheeriness and hospitality, he thought. One of his characters notices "the injurious effect upon the health occasioned by the absence of all amusement and the substitution of fanaticism or politics in its place."

As a rule, the habits of the personages in Haliburton's tales were notably different from the present habits of Nova Scotians in the matter of stimulants. In "The Old Judge" a certain County Court Justice is represented to have spent his time, while waiting for a verdict, in drinking, first a bottle of wine, purchased by a fine which he had just imposed upon a drunken fellow who made a disturbance in court, and afterwards a bottle of brandy, purchased by a fine which he imposed upon the prothonotary for presuming to fill his own glass first! "For my own part," observed this model Justice, "I am obliged to be very abstemious now, as I am subject to the gout. I never exceed two bottles of late years, and I rectify the acidity of the wine by taking a glass of clear brandy

(which I call the naked truth) between every two of Madeira. Ah, here is the brandy, lawyer! Your very good health, sir —pray help yourself; and Mr. Prothonotary, here's better manners to you in future. *Seniores priores*, sir, that's the rule."

It was a fancy of the old Greeks that the gods sent a judicial blindness on persons doomed to destruction, lest they might do something to avert their fate. The plausibility of this notion has been often illustrated in modern history, notably in the case of classes remaining stolidly insensible to plain and ominous signs of coming social storms. The French aristocrats, menaced by the organization of the oppressed masses, despised the gathering tempest till it had burst; and the Irish landlords long ignored the growing strength of the rent agitation. Both offered more or less reasonable compromises *too late*. To-day capitalists, threatened more and more by trades-unions, socialism, Henry-George-ism, boycotting, anarchy and dynamite, are either strangely blind or else inert and vacillating—neither offering wise and timely concessions, nor pressing for sternly deterrent legislation. The Tweed ring in New York actually smiled at the rising indignation of the citizens, and even asked flippantly, "What are you going to do about it?" And so in the infancy of the temperance movement publicans were generally quite blind to its vitality and importance, and even in some instances fed the flame that promised to devour them. Haliburton describes (Old Judge, c. 16) how the walls of a Nova Scotian bar-room were covered with "hand-bills calling public meetings for the promotion of temperance," and other objects.

Every here and there one or other of Haliburton's characters hits the extravagance or the hypocrisy or the grotesqueness of a certain class of temperance professors. Steve Richardson,

in "The Old Judge," speaking of a reformed drunkard who was lecturing, observes that "the moment a feller reforms here he turns preacher on the principle that the greater the sinner the greater the saint." The Old Judge himself, in the chapter on the Seasons, notes one of the shams that were even then connected with the holy cause of temperance: "In a little back room of that temperance inn, the winnings (of a horse race) are spent in the purchase of numerous 'yards of stone wall'—a name for brandy omitted in the License Law which is thus evaded or defied."

The various industries of the Province about the middle of this century may be gathered from a statement in "Nature and Human Nature" (c. 18):

"Every place has its standing topic. At Windsor it is the gypsum trade, the St. John's steamer, the Halifax coach, and a new house that is building. In Kings County it is export of potatoes, bullocks and horses. At Annapolis cord-wood, oars, staves, shingles, and agricultural produce of all kinds. At Digby, smoked herrings, fish weirs, and St. John's markets. At Yarmouth, foreign freights, berthing, rails, catheads, lower cheeks, wooden bolsters, and the crown, palm, and shank of anchors. At Shelburne, it is divided between fish, lumber, and the price of vessels. At Liverpool, ship-building, deals and timber, knees, transoms, and futtocks, pintles, keelsons, and moose lines. At Lunenburg, Jeddore, and Chesencook, the state of the market at the capital. At the other harbors farther to the eastward, the coal trade and the fisheries engross most of the conversation. You hear continually of the fall *run* and the spring *catch* of mackerel that *set* in but don't stop to *bait*. The remarkable discovery of the French coasters, that was made fifty years ago, and still is as new and as fresh as ever, that when fish are plenty there is no

salt, and when salt is abundant there are no fish, continually startles you with its novelty and importance. While you are both amused and instructed by learning the meaning of coal cakes, Albion tops, and what a Chesencooker delights in, 'slack'; you also find out that a hundred tons of coal at Sydney means when it reaches Halifax one hundred and fifteen, and that West Indian, Mediterranean, and Brazilian fish are actually *made* on these shores. Those local topics are greatly diversified by politics, which, like crow-foot and white-weed, abound everywhere. Halifax has all sorts of talk."

The dress and character of the Chesencook Acadians is graphically described in the 16th chapter of the same book. And the equally picturesque costume of the Digby Acadienne is sketched in "The Old Judge" (c. 16).

Among the features of the Acadian climate which our author faithfully and graphically describes, are a "silver thaw" (Old Judge, c. 10); an intense frost at Halifax, with its attendant phenomena and its breaking up (*ibid.* c. 11); and a still, hot day on the south coast (Wise Saws, c. 24). The "day on the lake" (Nature and Human Nature, cc. 10 and 11), with its quaint personages, its varied incidents and changing scenery, is perhaps the most alluring sketch of sylvan summer life in Nova Scotia that has yet appeared in prose.

There is a wholesome moral in the contrast between the big, untidy, bleak and comfortless farmhouse described in the first series of "The Clockmaker" (c. 28), and the neat, well-planned homestead, with its thrifty, hospitable, contented inmates, to whom we are introduced in the second series of the same work (c. 4). And a salutary warning to gentlemen reared in luxury who may contemplate playing the roles of country squires in this new country is given in the pathetic

picture of Captain Dechamps and his venture in the chapter entitled "The Cucumber Lake," in "Nature and Human Nature."

Not only the provincial scenery is unchanged since Haliburton's time, but also the provincial tendency to magnify it. Still, just as Sam Slick observed, "every sizeable hill to Nova Scotia is a mountain." And some social characteristics also are almost unchanged. This penetrating remark of Sam Slick about Halifax holds true to-day, and it might be worth the while of tourists and temporary residents to note it: "A man must know the people to appreciate them. He must not merely judge by those whom he is accustomed to meet at the social board, for they are not always the best specimens anywhere, but *by those, also, who prefer retirement and a narrower circle, and rather avoid general society, as not suited to their taste.*"

Military and naval life, too, on this station remains almost as it was described by Haliburton, in "The Old Judge" and elsewhere. The soldiers and sailors inspire similar loves, ambitions and jealousies. Their coming creates a similar stir, and their flitting leaves similar regrets and heart-aches behind. The citizens, however, do not seem to appreciate the presence of a garrison quite so universally as they used to. There are even a few who, while willing to take the soldiers' money as they accept Britain's protection, without thanks, can see no good whatever in poor Tommy Atkins. They will not even admit their deep indebtedness to him as a convenient scapegoat, on whom they, from time to time, heap all the sins and iniquities of the city.

The chief want of *Ireland*, as well as of Nova Scotia, in Haliburton's opinion, was to settle down more steadily to work, and pay less attention to politics and politicians. "It

is time they turned their attention to the material and not the political condition of their country," says the American Senator Boodle in "The Season Ticket." Just before this he had observed that "there never was a people so cajoled, fooled, deceived and betrayed, as the Irish." "Poor Pat," says Slick, speaking of a certain Irishman in "Nature and Human Nature," "you were a good-hearted creature naturally, as most of your countrymen are, if repealers, patriots and demagogues, of all sorts and sizes, would only let you alone." Senator Boodle found the Irish "far more humorous at home than in America, which, perhaps, is also in part attributable to the circumstance of their being more industrious there, and in consequence more matter of fact."

The unsettled state of Ireland was partly due, however, to the lack of thorough fusion among Irishmen; to their too distinct division according to race and religion. The "two great bodies," said the Yankee Mr. Peabody (Season Ticket, p. 35), "can't agree in nothen. If you go for to talk of schools, they keep apart, like the two forrard wheels of a stage coach. If they come to elections, it's the same thing; if they meet, they fight; all, too, for the sake of religion; and if they assemble in a jury-box, it's six of one and half a dozen of the other. Killing comes natural, half the places in Ireland begins with Kill; there is Killboy (for all Irishmen are called boys), and what is more onmanly, there is Killbride; Killbaron, after the landlords; Killbarrack, after the English soldiers; Kilcrew, for the navy; Kilbritain, for the English proprietors; Killcool, for deliberate murder, and Killmore if that ain't enough."

The popularity of the name Jeremiah in Ireland is undeniable, and the punning Peabody finds the cause of this popularity in the fact that the Irish are "the boys for *Lamen-*

tations." "It's no wonder they had a famine," he adds, "when the country raises nothen but grievances, and that's a crop that grows spontenaciously here."

Haliburton's love and appreciation for Great Britain are displayed in all his works. Sam Slick "enthused" over the beauty and freshness of English girls. The high-minded Hopewell displayed pious and touching emotion at seeing the shores of the country which he had been used, in his early days, to call "Home." According to the chronicler of "The Attaché (c. 7), his province owed to Britons a debt of gratitude that not only cannot be repaid, but is too great for expression. Their armies protect us within, and their fleets defend us and our commerce without. Their government is not only paternal and indulgent, but is wholly gratuitous. . . . Where national assistance has failed, private contribution has volunteered its aid." "Gentle reader," he says again (c. 8), "excuse the confessions of an old man, for I have a soft spot in my heart yet, *I love Old England.*" He loved, he goes on to say, her law, her church, her constitution, her literature, her people. And in the "letter from the author," in "The Letter-Bag of the Great Western," it is remarked that the colonies "have experienced nothing at the hand of the English but unexampled kindness, untiring forbearance, and unbounded liberality. . . . If there should be any little changes required from time to time in our limited political sphere, . . . a temperate and proper representation will always produce them from the predominant party of the day, whatever it may be, if it can only be demonstrated that they are wise or necessary changes. It is the inclination as well as the interest of Great Britain so to treat us; and whoever holds out any doubts on this subject, or proclaims the mild, conciliatory and parental sway

of the Imperial Government 'a baneful domination,' . . . should be considered as either an ignorant or a designing man."

But Haliburton was not blind to the faults of the British people or government. He was fond of satirising the blunders of the Colonial Office and the sometimes ludicrous ignorance of its officials about the colonies. And he lets Mr. Slick comment freely on the monotonous, material existence of the squirearchy, the mercenary attentions that are forced upon travellers, and other British faults and flaws.

It goes without saying that our author was a strong champion of the British connection, which in Sam Slick's opinion (Clockmaker 2, 21) should not be dissolved *even at the desire of the colonies!* Looking far ahead of his contemporaries, Haliburton put forward some strong pleas for an Imperial Federation. He felt that in its present state the Empire was like a barrel without hoops (Clockmaker, 3, 19) which must be bound together more securely or else tumble to pieces; or like a bundle of sticks (Nature and Human Nature, c. 19) which needed to be tied or glued more firmly or they would fall apart.

"The very word dependencies," said Mr. Hopewell (Attaché, c. 21), and his words were endorsed by the Squire, "shows the state of the colonies. If they are retained they should be incorporated with Great Britain. . . . Now that steam has united the two continents of Europe and America, in such a manner that you can travel from Nova Scotia to England in as short a time as it once required to go from Dublin to London, I should hope for a united legislature. Recollect that the distance from New Orleans to the head of the Mississippi River is greater than from Halifax, N.S., to Liverpool, G.B. I do not want to see colonists and English-

men arrayed against each other as different races, but united as one people, having the same rights and privileges, each bearing a share of the public burdens, and all having a voice in the general government."

A particular form of Imperial Federation that has many advocates to-day is thus suggested by Sam Slick (Wise Saws, c. 25): "It shouldn't be England and her colonies, but they should be integral parts of one great whole—all counties of Great Britain. There should be no taxes on colonial produce, and the colonies should not be allowed to tax British manufactures. All should pass free, as from one town to another in England; the whole of it one vast home-market, from Hong Kong to Labrador." In "The Attaché" (c. 21), Mr. Slick observes of colonists: "They *are* attached to England, that's a fact; keep them so by making them Englishmen. . . . Their language will change them. It will be *our* army . . . not the English army; *our* navy, *our* church, *our* parliament, *our* aristocracy, etc., and the word English will be left out holus-bolus and that proud but endearin' word 'our' will be insarted." Haliburton seems to have fretted under this subordinate status of the colonies, and to have yearned for a fuller imperial citizenship for colonists. "No, don't use that word 'our' till you are entitled to it," says the clockmaker. "Be formal and everlastin' polite. Say 'your' empire, 'your' army, etc., and never strut under borrowed plumes." Elsewhere he has compared the colonies to ponds, which rear frogs, but want only inlets and outlets to become lakes and produce fine fish.*

* It is a curious coincidence that his ablest deprecator, Professor Felton, of Harvard College, shared Haliburton's views on this subject. In his review of "The Attaché," in the *North American Review* for January, 1844, Felton attributed what he terms "the antiquated political absurdities" of the judge to "the belittling effects of the

In fact, the main cause of discontent among educated and self-reliant colonists, as he makes Mr. Hopewell point out (Clockmaker, 3, 19, and still more impressively, Attaché, c. 62), was the lack of openings for genius and ambition. On the gate of any colonial cemetery, he thought, might be aptly inscribed the stanzas of "Gray's Elegy," beginning,

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid."

The provinces are now confederated, and a Dominion political career furnishes another opening to aspiring and gifted Canadians. Yet while we remain in the present cramping status of colonists some of our ambitious men must feel, with Haliburton, a "want of room—of that employment that is required for ability of a certain description." George Washington, Mr. Hopewell hinted, might never have led the insurgent provinces to victory, had his gifts and ambition had free vent "in other parts of the Empire." The representation of colonists in the Imperial Parliament would not only widen their thoughts and interests, but would also serve

colonial system on the intellects of colonists. A full and complete national existence," added the Harvard professor, "is requisite to the formation of a manly, intellectual character. What great work of literature or art has the colonial mind ever produced? What free, creative action of genius can take place under the withering sense of inferiority that a distant dependency of a great empire can never escape from? Any consciousness of nationality, however humble the nation may be, is preferable to the second-hand nationality of a colony of the mightiest empire that ever flourished. The intense national pride which acts so forcibly in the United States is something vastly better than the intellectual paralysis that deadens the energies of men in the British North American Provinces." . . . Professor Drummond has strikingly described the deterioration of the hermit crab resulting from its habitually evading the natural responsibility of self-defence. Haliburton evidently feared an analogous fate for a nation permanently evading the same responsibility.—*F. B. Crofton, in "The Atlantic Monthly" for March, 1892.*

to prevent dangerous disaffection: their representatives "will be safety-valves to let off steam." Our author thought the North American colonies had reached a period in their growth "when the treatment of adults should supersede that of children"; but he was not of those who want to acquire the full privileges of manhood and to shirk its obligations and responsibilities.

"Ah, Doctor," said Sam Slick (Nature and Human Nature, c. 19) *things can't and won't remain long as they are.* England has three things among which to choose for her North American colonies: First—Incorporation with herself, and representation in Parliament. Secondly—Independence. Thirdly—Annexation with the States." We have seen that Haliburton preferred the first.

Sam Slick pooh-poohed the idea of Canadian independence in "The Clockmaker" (2, c. 16), and pronounced it utterly impracticable. But he was then speaking as an American; and even if our author personally held the same views, he might have modified them had he lived till Canada supported a large militia and a small army, and when Confederation (which he thought an essential preliminary to independence) was an accomplished fact. In "Nature and Human Nature" (c. 19) Mr. Slick says that independence is better for the colonies and England than annexation; "but if that is decided upon, something must be done soon. The way ought to be prepared for it by an immediate federative and legislative union of them all."

Others of Haliburton's personages speak in favor of colonial confederation. Among them is Senator Boodle (Season Ticket, c. 8), who also argues that an intercolonial railway should be constructed at once, and that "as soon as this railway is finished immediate steps should be taken to

provide a safe, easy and expeditious route to Fraser's River, on the Pacific." In the first chapter of this same work the senator had prophesied a great interoceanic railway and a great metropolis at Esquimalt: "The enterprise, science and energy of the West will require and command the labor of the East, and Vancouver will be the centre where the products of both hemispheres will be exchanged. . . . You have the shortest possible route and the most practicable, through your own territory, from one ocean to the other, the finest harbors in the world (Halifax and Esquimalt), abundance of coal at the termini and the most direct communication with all the eastern world."

The infinite importance of Britain and her colonies parting peaceably, if they are to part at all, was fully recognized by our author. "If the partnership is to be dissolved," advised Mr. Slick, "it had better be done by mutual consent, and it would be for the interest of both that you should part friends. You didn't shake hands with, but fists at, us when we separated. . . . Wounds were given that the best part of a century hasn't healed, and wounds that will leave tender spots forever." Our author did not, however, anticipate an angry parting. The holder of "the season ticket," in the book bearing that name, says to an American who talks of annexing Canada: "Be assured, if they (the Canadians) do become independent, it will be by mutual consent and good will, and, let me add, with the mutual regret of both parties."

If our author was averse to annexation, it was from no narrow prejudice against the great American people. Indeed his imagination had conceived and his judgment had approved the very grandest of the various schemes propounded for the future of our race—an Anglo-Saxon union or alliance, dominating the world and dictating peace to the too heavily

armed nations. "Now we are two great nations," remarks Mr. Slick, in his quaint style (Wise Saws, c. 26), "the greatest by a long chalk of any in the world—speak the same language, have the same religion, and our constitutions don't differ no great odds. We ought to draw closer than we do. We are big enough, equal enough, and strong enough not to be jealous of each other. United, we are more nor a match for all the other nations put together, and can defy their fleets, armies and millions. Single, we couldn't stand against all, and if one was to fall, where would the other be? Mournin' over the grave that covers a relative whose place can never be filled. It is authors of silly books, editors of silly papers, and demagogues of silly parties that help to estrange us. I wish there was a gibbet high enough and strong enough to hang up all these enemies of mankind on."

Americans were generally, as our author found them, shrewd, quick, energetic, enterprising. They were generous, too, and, in his opinion, "those who have described the Yankees as a cold, designing, unimpassioned people, know but little of them in their domestic circles." But the Americans, he thought, were "image worshippers": they worshipped the golden image and the American image. With them everything was for sale, and they humbugged everybody—themselves included. Many of them were ostentatious and snobbish in their own sense of the latter term. This trait of theirs he often notes and caricatures. He describes some New England factory girls who wanted to be "taken off" (*i.e.*, photographed) in company with certain alleged grand relations of theirs. Miss Sally Slick is made to address her letters to "Hon. Samuel Slick, late of the Embassy to the Court of St. James's." This she used to do "to let some folks know who some folks are." And Mr. Slick declared

that if a young English commissariat officer went to his native Onion County, Connecticut, he could marry the richest girl in it, merely on account of the imposing length of his title—Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General.

The scamps and humbugs who, all over the North American continent, used the holy cause of temperance as a profession or as a cloak, receive a good deal of notice from our author. The Rev. Mr. Hopewell laments (Attaché, c. 29) that "emancipation and temperance have superseded the Scriptures in the States. Formerly they preached religion there, but now they only preach about niggers and rum." In the fourth chapter of "The Season Ticket," the chronicler very minutely notes and comments on the various evasions of the prohibitory law in Maine.

Sam Slick thus epigrammatically characterises his countrymen: "Brag is a good dog and Holdfast is a better one, but what do you say to a cross of the two? And that's just what we are."

Americans, Haliburton thought, had no satisfactory safeguards against popular frenzies; they lacked a clergy with stipends independent of their congregations, and a nobility and gentry with a social position too secure to be endangered by their opposing the violent whims of the populace.

That our author discountenanced the abolition movement, believing slaves to be generally happier than peasants, may be inferred from Slick's ridicule of "ablutionists," and still more clearly from the cynical letter of an abolitionist in "The Letter-Bag of the Great Western."

Three prophecies relating to the United States were made by personages in our author's works, of which two have not and one has been already verified. There would be an uprising of the colored population; there would be an established

church (the Roman Catholic, as successive censuses would indicate); and there would be a civil war on the question of state-rights. "General Government and State Government," said Mr. Slick, "every now and then square off and spar, and the first blow given will bring a genu-ine set-to."

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Among Haliburton's distinctive gifts was his aptitude for aphorisms and short, pithy sayings of all kinds. "Nothin'," says the clockmaker, "improves a man's manners like runnin' an election." "Reforms," says "The Old Judge," sarcastically, "are not applicable to reformers, for those who liberate others must themselves be free." "When ladies wear the breeches, their petticoats should be long enough to hide 'em," philosophises Mr. Slick. "No man, nor woman nother," opined the same philosopher, "can be a general favorite and be true." "A long face is plaguy apt to cover a long conscience," says Parson Hopewell. The only good of a college education is "to show how devilish little other people know," according to some cynic introduced by our author. And various personages of his utter the following discerning observations: "There is a private spring to every one's affections; if he can find that and touch it, the door will fly open." "A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy; the smile that accepts the lover before words are spoken, and the smile that alights on the first-born baby and assures it of a mother's love." "A good temper must be kept cool; even sugar, when fermented, makes vinegar." "Though there be more refinement in the citizen, there is less heart than in the country man. Before you can impart its brightness to steel, you must harden its texture."

The last two quotations illustrate our author's singular and unfailing facility for finding similes and metaphors to eluci-

date a speaker's meaning. Let me add another quaintly expressive figure. I think it is in "The Old Judge" that somebody talks of "a dusky night, when the moon looks *like a dose of castor oil in a glass of cider.*"

Here is one of the lessons of the French Revolution in a nutshell: "Concession never stopt agitation since the world was squeezed out of a curd; it only feeds it. Throwin' sops to varmint only brings 'em back again; and when you have nothin' left to throw to 'em, they are plaguy apt to turn to and tare you to pieces."

Here and there the reader is tickled by some quaint original conceit. Some stokers on the *Great Western* are represented as having "sour, Cameronian-looking faces, that seem as if they were dreadfully disappointed they were not persecuted any more." A looking-glass is styled a woman's greatest enemy (Season Ticket, p. 286) not because it reflects falsely but because it reflects a false face. When she consults her glass she is looking at her dearest friend, and is unconsciously disposed to look her very best. Hence the mirror gives every woman an exaggerated opinion of her own attractions.

With many readers, Haliburton's popularity rests upon his peculiar gifts as a *raconteur*. A good memory and a fertile imagination both aided him in constructing his stories, of which many are wholly or partly true, while many are purely fictitious. "Most of the anecdotes in those books called 'The Clockmaker' and 'Attaché' are real ones," says the chronicler of the latter work (c. 52).

Sometimes our author seems to moot a subject merely to introduce an anecdote. And the connection between subject and anecdote is sometimes so thin that it might be invisible if it were not specially pointed out. This criticism applies

more particularly to the narratives of Mr. Slick, who is designed to be a somewhat inconsequent spinner of yarns, and who, indeed, once pleaded guilty to making "one of my ramblin' speeches," "with capital stories that illustrated everything but the resolution."

It would be about as impracticable to select the best dozen, or score, of Haliburton's yarns as it would be to do that favorite modern puzzle—to "name the best one hundred books." His tales are multitudinous. They are of all kinds and characters, and illustrate most of his characteristics, especially his ingenuity, power of imagination and keen relish for the ludicrous. I may be permitted, however, to refer to a few anecdotes which notably display these qualities—to the tale of the broken-down old slave, for instance, who was cunningly persuaded to buy his freedom by his master's assurance that he was quite sound and had a deal of work in him yet, and who then sued his master for breach of warranty and forced him to refund the purchase-money; to the tale of a Mormon in *delirium tremens* (Season Ticket) who fancied himself a "rooster" and his wives hens, and beat and pecked at the latter because they wouldn't roost on the garden-fence with their heads under their wings; to the tale of the Quaker and the marine insurance money (Clockmaker, 2, 13), a nice case for casuists; to the tale of Sam Slick saving a boy's life and getting "more kicks than halfpence" as his reward (Nature and Human Nature, c. 4); to the tale of the Yankee who got out of a fine imposed by a grandmotherly law for smoking by brazenly denying that his cigar was alight, inducing the constable to detect his falsehood by taking a whiff himself, and then threatening the officer with a fine for his own violation of the law; to the tale of how Sam Slick learned Gaelic and taught a pretty girl

English on the object lesson system (Nature and Human Nature, c. 5); and to the tale of the Scotch sergeant's misunderstandings and mortifications while inquiring about the name and nature of a moose (*ibid.* c. 9).

Specimens of our author's broader and more farcical humor may be found in the finale to the Governor's dinner party, and in the yarn of the extemporized page's breeches, both in "The Old Judge," and in the lady's ludicrous exhibition of fright at a thunder-storm in "The Season Ticket." On one occasion Mr. Slick was sent to Italy to purchase pictures for a Yankee institution, and strongly cautioned against bringing home anything that might seem indelicate. He carried out his instructions with such carefulness that, a Virgin and a Child being among his purchases and the Child's legs being naked, he "had an artist to paint trousers an a pair of laced boots upon him," to make him "look genteel."

To anybody who has read one of Haliburton's anecdotal works, his proneness to punning will be too patent to need illustration. Some signal instances of his capacity and his weakness for puns are found in the "Letter-Bag of the Great Western":—for instance, in the midshipman's description of the seasickness of various passengers in terms borrowed from their respective professions (No. 4); in the lawyer's clerk's letter (No. 10); and in the Preface, where the author pours a perfect torrent of postal puns on the Postmaster-General, that "frank man of letters who transports the mails." The same temptation to distort words which led him to perpetrate some *double entendres*, led him also to perpetrate some pretty bad puns. How strong this temptation must have been on occasions may be gathered from his making a speaker pun while seriously protesting against the mean treatment of the Loyalists in the Canadian rebellion—a subject on which

Haliburton felt very deeply indeed, and to which he often recurred. "He who called out the militia," complains a colonial Loyalist, "and quelled the late rebellion amid a shower of balls, was knighted. He who assented amid a shower of eggs to a bill to indemnify the rebels, was created an earl. Now to pelt a governor-general with eggs is an overt act of treason, for it is an attempt to throw off the *yolk*." Reckless punning marked our author's conversation as well as his writings. He was notorious for it among his classmates at college. He displayed it occasionally on the bench. A man once begged exemption from jury duty on the ground of having a certain skin disease vulgarly known as the itch. "Scratch that man!" promptly directed the judge.

Artemus Ward was not without warrant in terming Haliburton the founder of the American school of humor, for most of its phases are illustrated in his works. The affected simplicity of Mark Twain is anticipated in the second chapter of "Nature and Human Nature." Prototypes of Mrs. Partington may be found in Mrs. Figg and the female servant in "The Letter-Bag" and in an old woman in "The Season Ticket." Several American jests and jocular phrases are apparently borrowed from Haliburton. In "The Old Judge" an Indian explains to the governor, who expresses surprise at seeing him drunk so soon again, that it is "all same old drunk."

Mr. D. R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby") told me that he once made quite a hit in a stump speech by dividing the voters of his country into "men with clean shirts and Democrats." I wonder whether he had read the definitions quoted by Sam Slick of a Tory ("a gentleman every inch of him . . . and he puts on a clean shirt every day") and of a

Whig ("a gentleman every other inch of him and he puts on an unfrilled shirt every other day"). Everybody has laughed at Topsy's idea that she was not made but "growed." About fifteen years before the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in the first series of "The Clockmaker" (c. 12), a country girl being asked where she was brought up, replied in these words: "Why, I guess I wasn't brought up at all, I growed up."

The Tewkesbury workhouse people (or General Butler?) may have taken the notion of tanning paupers' skins from the Connecticut pedler mentioned in "The Season Ticket" (p. 49) who bought a nigger's body "of the sheriff on spekelation, and hired a doctor to take his hide off, and he dressed it with alum and lime, and cut it into narrow pieces and made razor strops of it."

From time to time some wit-borrower suggests the advisability of freezing, or mesmerizing, or hypnotizing passengers as a sovereign remedy for sea-sickness. I wonder whether this suggestion was *first* made in the Shareholder's letter in "The Letter-Bag," where it is shown that this plan would be economical for the company, as well as pleasant for the passengers.

If one wished to libel Haliburton, one might argue plausibly that he furnished the model for "Peck's Bad Boy," for there is in "The Letter-Bag" an epistle from a certain *enfant terrible*, who plays a series of tricks almost as nefarious as those of Peck's monstrosity. They range from putting glass in passenger's boots, for the pleasure of hearing them swear, to removing a leaf from his father's sermon, for the pleasure of hearing "the old man" talk admiringly about "the beauty —of—of the devil and all his works!"

Not only have modern funny men taken hints from Hali-

burton, but modern journalists have sometimes appropriated his anecdotes holus-bolus or with variations. The following from the French passenger's missive in "The Letter-Bag" was adapted by one or more newspapers not very long ago, and spoiled in the adapting: "To-day steward took hold of de skylight and said 'look out.' Well, I put up my head for to 'look out,' and he shut down de sash on it and gave me a cut almost all over my face with pains of glass, and said, 'Dat is not de way to look out, you should have took your head *in*.' Dat is beating de English into your head wit de devil to it likewise." A Halifax weekly, in 1885, offered a prize for the best original story, and awarded half of the prize money to a mere *réchauffé* of a yarn spun in "Wise Saws."

Haliburton pointed the shafts of his sarcasm usually at types and classes, seldom at individuals. He saw an unoccupied field for a satirist at home, and he proceeded to occupy it. "The absurd importance attached in this country to trifles," observes one of his personages, "the grandiloquent language of rural politicians, the flimsy veil of patriotism under which selfishness strives to hide . . . present many objects for ridicule and satire." Illustrations of his satiric power may be found in his sketches of the Governor's aides-de-camp in "The Old Judge," and of the Americans "who ascend the Rhine that they may have an opportunity of boasting of a larger American river" (Season Ticket, pp. 90, 91); in the flood of irony which is poured upon the false distinctions between right and wrong that prevailed among another type of Americans (Clockmaker, 2, c. 10); in the "letter from a traveller before he has travelled," ridiculing superficial English observers with preconceived notions about America (Letter-Bag); in the letter from a New York "Loco-foco" (*ibid.*), which settles the affairs of England with self-satisfied ignorance.

Colonial bishops are not exempt from the caustic attentions of our author: "They have (Old Judge, c. 3) one grand object in view from the moment of their landing in a colony; and that is the erection of a cathedral so large as to contain all the churchmen of the province, and so expensive as to exhaust all the liberality of their friends; and this unfinished monument of ill-directed zeal they are sure to place in a situation where it can be of no use whatever."

As a general rule, the style of our author is less terse than that of most modern American humorists. His effects are produced by ludicrous situations and grotesque conceits more often than by tricks of construction. His sentences are seldom framed to rouse the flagging attention of the reader by sudden jolts or jerks. Here and there, however, he displays the piquant flippancy and careless exaggeration of a modern paragraphist.

He used dialogue copiously, as a means to make his books and opinions popular. "Why is it," asks Sam Slick (Wise Saws, c. 19), "if you read a book to a man you set him to sleep? Just because it is a book and the language aint common. Why is it if you talk to him he will sit up all night with you? Just because it's talk, the language of natur'." And written chat, he thought, was the next best medium to oral chat for holding the attention of all classes (for "the test of a real genu-ine good book," in Mr. Slick's opinion at least, "is that it is read in the parlor and in the kitchen"). Here is the rationale of that "conversational style" that has helped to win a circulation for so many modern society journals, and which is growing so popular with "special contributors."

Our author's dialogue, however, is not invariably suited to the character either in matter or in manner, and few of his *dramatis personæ*, if they display any peculiarities of idiom,

are made to use the same dialect consistently throughout. Even the spelling that is used to convey provincial mispronunciations is capriciously varied. And our author's characters sometimes stray from the main subject of discussion with an abruptness that in real life would surprise and offend.

In these particulars Haliburton displays the carelessness and want of finish which are among his chief defects. Another fault also arising from carelessness is his too frequent repetition, both of ideas and forms of expression.

When Haliburton exerted himself he was capable of rising to a high degree of eloquence and impressiveness. When he wrote carelessly he was liable to become diffuse or stilted. Similar comments have been made by men who have heard him speak. His ordinary speeches are said to have been little above the average, while parts of his set orations, notably of his plea for abolishing the test oath in Nova Scotia, were powerful and impressive in the extreme.

Our author is sometimes vivid and brilliant in his descriptions of nature. Witness his detailed contrast between the scenery of the White Mountains and the storied and varying beauties of Killarney, in "The Season Ticket" (pp. 31, 32). But he makes more hits as a portrait, than as a landscape, painter. The sketch of a girl's "company face" (*ibid.* p. 327) is admirable, and so is the hypocritical thief's make-up, to impose upon the jury, in "The Clockmaker" (2, c. 10). In "The Attaché" Sam Slick takes off, in a few characteristic touches, the popular Cheltenham preacher who advertises the frivolous gaieties of the place by violently denouncing them; and the fashionable Cheltenham doctor who dexterously humors the whims of his hypochondriac patients, and, through the gratitude of his professional brethren, constantly "gains new patients by praising every London doctor individually,

and only damning them in a lump." There is a broken-down, drunken, soured remnant of what was once an English scholar and gentleman introduced in a single chapter of "The Clockmaker" (2, c. 19). The portrait is almost too gloomy to reproduce in its entirety, but it is wondrously true to nature—the spendthrift generosity, the impatience of Yankee-isms, the fretful outbursts of jaundiced eloquence :—

"'Curse the *lo*cation,' he exclaimed, 'there is no location like Old England.'" "'On this side the water'" he found "'nothing approaching the class of gentry. . . . What little they have here, sir, are second-hand airs copied from poor models that necessity forces out here. It is the farce of high life below stairs, sir, played in a poor theatre to a provincial audience.'" And again he speaks bitterly of "'the sickly waxwork imitation of gentility here, the faded artificial flower of fashion, the vulgar pretension, the contemptible struggle for precedence. Poor as I am, humble as I am, and degraded as I am—for I am all three now—I have seen better days, and . . . I know what I am talking about. There's nothing beyond respectable mediocrity here. . . . Little ponds never hold big fish; there is nothing but pollywogs, tadpoles and minims in them. Look at them as they swim thro' the shallow water of the margins of their little muddy pool, following some small fellow an inch long, the leader of the shoal, that thinks himself a whale. . . . Go to every press, and see the stuff that is printed; go to the people, and see the stuff that is uttered or swallowed, and then, tell me this is a *lo*cation for anything above mediocrity.'

"'What keeps you here then?' said Mr. Slick, 'if it is such an everlastin' miserable country as you lay it out to be?' 'I'll tell you, sir,' said he, and he drained off the whole of the brandy, as if to prepare for the effort—'I will tell you what

keeps me,' and he placed his hand on his knees, and looking the Clockmaker steadily in the face until every muscle worked with emotion—'I'll tell you, sir, if you must know—my misfortune.'" Then he fell from his chair.

Next to Sam Slick himself the Reverend Mr. Hopewell is the personage with whom we are made most intimate in the pages of Haliburton. Mr. Hopewell is *morally* consistent throughout. We are given his character in pieces, but the pieces fit. He utters no ignoble sentiment and does no questionable deed. He disliked puritans and ascetics, and used to say that youth, innocence and cheerfulness were the Three Graces. "The sight of the sea, a great storm, a starry sky or even a mere flower" would send him into a reverie or rouse him to an ecstasy. He thundered like a Hebrew prophet against the impious notion of utilizing the water-power of Niagara. His saintly tolerance did not prevent his telling his pharisaic flock their besetting sins and weaknesses. Displaced by them, he strove to persuade himself that *he* was at fault and not *they;* he would rather have found himself in the wrong than believe them so base and ungrateful. In this true evangelist, it is likely that Haliburton reproduced some traits of his revered friend, the Abbé Sigogne.

It must be admitted, however, that this American clergyman is sometimes made to display an almost incredibly *minute* intimacy with Canadian and British politics and personages. He knows, for example, all about Lord Durham and Mr. Poulett Thompson — their acts, characters and inner motives. Very possibly our author wished to fortify his own political opinions by the endorsement of so high-minded an observer. A slight oversight is also noticeable in regard to Mr. Hopewell's age. In the second series of "The Clockmaker" (c. 15), he declares himself to be ninety-five.

Yet in "The Attaché," a work written five years later and recording subsequent events, he is represented as going to England with Mr. Slick and delighting the natives by his sermons and discourses.

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In most respects Sam Slick is a typical wide-awake Yankee man of business.

He is shifty and versatile. When he wants to get a particular deck seat on a steamer, he inquires innocently if a certain sail in sight can be a Chinese junk. The occupant of the coveted seat crosses the deck and joins the curious crowd who are gazing at the mysterious craft. Slick takes the seat and, when it is reclaimed, pretends ignorance of the English language! When living at Boston, he has a fast horse which will not cross a bridge because it has once fallen through one. This horse he sells for a high figure, advertising, with literal truth, that he would not sell it at any price *if he did not want to leave Boston.* Another fast trotter of his has "the heaves." Slick advertises that his only reason for selling is that the animal is "too *heavey* for harness." The unwary buyer returns to reproach Slick, and only loses some more money by betting that the latter had advertised the horse as too *heavy* for harness. At a time when there is a high duty of 30 per cent. on lead, and no duty on works of art, he realizes a very handsome sum by investing heavily in leaden busts of Washington, and melting the Father of his Country after he has passed the custom-house.

Sam Slick feels a keen pleasure in "besting" a body in a trade—especially when the other party thinks himself knowing and wary. To take in another smart "down-Easter" was to him an intense triumph. He compares it (Clockmaker 3, 12) with great minuteness to coaxing a shy fish to take the

bait. "There's nothin' a'most I like so much as to see folk cheat themselves," he says in another place. It is by his suggestion that Ichabod Gates manages to sell his goods to the townspeople at twice their cost, by binding each customer to keep the secret of his selling *so cheap!*

He is often discursive in his yarns and sometimes indirect in his bargaining; but like a good sporting dog, as he says of himself, if he did beat about the bush, he generally put up the birds.

He wants to turn everything to practical use. At Niagara he is struck *first* by the water-power, and secondly by the grandeur of the Falls! In noting the beauties of Mount Auburn Cemetery at Boston, he does not omit that it is "the grandest place for courtin' in I know of, it's so romantic."

He flatters, wheedles, and "soft-sawders" everlastingly; but he never cringes to anyone.

He is a shrewd and close observer of character as well as of externals, of classes as well as of individuals. So keen are his perceptions that he is enabled, after only a short experience in the new field of London fashionable life, to formulate the cynical "rules of society," which are to be found in Chapter 35 of "The Attaché."

Conceited and boastful of his country, he saw some of its faults and dangers, and criticised it freely himself. In one of his bilious moods he denies that it is the attractions of the United States that draw so large an immigration: "It's nothin' but its powers of suction; it's a great whirlpool—a great vortex—it drags all the straw and chips and floatin' sticks, drift-wood and trash into it." But, if he abused it himself, he would not let others abuse it. He was particularly down upon tourists making superficial observations in his country in search of "facts" to verify their preconceived ideas.

He dearly loved to "bam" these gentry by such shocking tales as the "Gouging School" and the "Black Stole," which he tells in the 20th chapter of "The Attaché."

Illustrating the desirability of travelling in a cheerful, instead of a censorious frame of mind, he observes that "the bee, though he find every rose has a thorn, comes back loaded with honey from his rambles; and why shouldn't other tourists do the same?" Our author, it will be noticed, has endowed Sam Slick with his own unfailing knack of hitting on an apt simile at will.

Self-conceited, Mr. Slick was too sublimely so to be conscious of the failing. "That he is a vain man cannot be denied—self-taught men are apt to be so everywhere," said his chronicler. Some of Slick's boastfulness is doubtless due to his comfortable confidence in himself, But some of it is put on with a definite purpose. "Braggin'," observes our shifty New Englander in "Nature and Human Nature," "*saves advertisin';*" it makes people talk and think of you, and incidentally of your wares. "I always do it," confesses Slick; "for, as the Nova Scotia magistrate said, who sued his debtor before himself, 'what's the use of being a justice, if you can't do yourself justice?'"

When Slick, as attaché to the American Legation, has become a regular party-goer in London, he becomes proud of his position, and attempts to suit himself to his environment by gaudy overdressing. At this juncture his father, animated by another weakness not unknown among Americans, comes inopportunely to visit him. "Colonel" Slick has undertaken the costly task of proving his title to a supposititious peerage. At the advent of this uncouth relation Sam could sympathise with the young lady who "wasn't at all exclusive, but was really obliged to draw the line at pa." Sam, however, though

mortified, is far too manly to give the cold shoulder to his parent, though he does attempt to bottle him up with much tact and some success. But the old man commits himself sometimes, notwithstanding, as when the hero of Bunker Hill sought an interview with the hero of Waterloo, and advised the great duke to sleep with his son Sam, as the latter was a wonderfully cute man and wise counsellor.

Sam Slick is hardly the typical Yankee of his time when he pours contempt and ridicule on the mock modesty and suggestive squeamishness of so many of his countrymen. "Fastidiousness," he says in "Nature and Human Nature," is the envelope of indelicacy. To see harm in ordinary words betrays a knowledge and not an ignorance of evil." Once, at least, his antipathy to false refinement carried Slick too far—when he makes an ultra-proper spinster wax playful and familiar by suggesting, in purposely misleading terms, that she has made a conquest. This in my opinion is the most unworthy action recorded of Mr. Slick, and I am glad to say he had the grace to be ashamed of it.

In religion Slick detests cant, and distrusts those who use it. He likes to expose sanctimonious humbugs. Hypocrisy, he thinks, "has enlisted more folks for Old Scratch than any recruitin' serjeant he has" (Attaché, c. 36). "When the fox turns preacher," he observes in "Wise Saws," "the geese had better not go to night meetin's." He considers ascetic morality impracticable, and to preach it injurious, for the masses. "Puritans," he says in "Nature and Human Nature," "whether in or out of church make more sinners than they save by a long chalk. They aint content with real sin. . . . Their eyes are like the great magnifier at the Polytechnic, that shows you awful monsters in a drop of water, which were never intended for us to see, or Providence would

have made our eyes like Lord Rosse's telescope. Of sects he says, "Call 'em this dictionary name and that new-fangled name, but give me the tree that bears the best fruit." Of sermons he observes, "I don't like preaching to the narves instead of to the judgment." He is a little cynical in some particulars. He traces the influence of the clergy to having the women on their side, and, in a story which he tells, the Reverend rascal Meldrum attributes the prosperity he enjoys for a season to his soft-sawdering the gentle sex. Sometimes Slick is actually irreverent, as for instance in his speculations on negroes' souls, which he locates in their heels.

Slick believes in treating criminals summarily, and even in lynching on occasion. He uses drastic measures with bullies, bad boys, and balky horses. He holds that there are "no good scholars since birch rods went out of school and sentiment went in."

"So he won't leave the vessel, eh?" said Skipper Love, Slick's friend and co-believer in effective energy. "Well, a critter that won't move must be made to go, that's all. There's a motive power in all natur'. There's a current or a breeze for a vessel, an ingine for a rail-car, necessity for poverty, love for the feminine gender, and glory for the hero. But for men I like persuasion. It seems to convene better with a free and enlightened citizen. Now here," said he, opening his closet and taking out his rope-yarn, "here is a persuader that nothing can stand. Oh, he won't come, eh? Well, we'll see!"

Mr. Slick was an outrageous and successful flirt, and could blarney the fair sex like an Irishman. He believed with Byron that impudence—"brisk confidence" the poet calls it—was the quality most effective with woman. He gives a philosophic reason for this belief in "Nature and Human Nature" (c. 14): "She didn't know whether it was impu-

dence or admiration; but when a woman arbitrates on a case she is interested in she always gives an award in her own favor." For sour and sulky females, however, he approved of stern discipline. He even once whipped a shrew. Women, he asserted, require "the identical same treatment" as horses. "Incourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious ones, but lather the sulky ones like blazes." To this resemblance of women to horses in disposition, and the desirability of treating them alike, he recurs several times. In "The Season Ticket," Jemmy, a London hearse-driver, declares—and the sentiment certainly seems more natural in an Englishman of the lower classes than in a typical Yankee—that "it's better to have the wife under the whip than on the lead, and to have her well under command than for her to take the bit into her mouth and play the devil." And still another of our author's characters in the last chapter of this his latest work, argues, in favor of divorce, that if one may swap or change an unmanageable horse, *a fortiori* one should be allowed to get rid of an unmanageable wife. For, he says, "a horse don't pretend to be better than it is; *it* is no hypocrite. . . . But a woman aint so easy judged of, I can tell you." Yet Mr. Slick is not an habitual detractor of the fair sex; he admits the faith, patience, courage and gratitude of women, and he is particularly fond of their society.

Constantly urging people to work and make money, he yet sees that sudden riches often beget false pretentiousness and conceit: "A cabbage," he says, "has plaguy large leaves to the bottom, and spreads them out as wide as an old woman's petticoats, to hide the ground it sprung from and conceal its extraction." When he becomes rich himself, he avoids ostentation and often uses his money in doing kindly acts.

Indeed he is generally amiable, except to fops, drones, braggarts, hypocrites, and detractors of his country. He helps and cheers (Wise Saws, c. 13) a man who had given up the battle of life, complaining that it was vain to swim forever against the current. "Try an eddy," he advised, in one of the happiest of his many happy metaphors; "you ought to know enough of the stream of life to find one, and then you would work up river as if it was flood-tide. At the end of the eddy is still water."

To believe that any human being, much less one who starts life under considerable disadvantages, could know all that Mr. Slick *says* he knows, would tax one's credulity overmuch. So various indeed are his accomplishments "that he seems to be not one but all mankind's epitome." He is equally at home in the politics of England, Canada and the United States. He paints, he plays the piano and the bugle, he dances, he is skilled in wood-craft and angling, he rows and paddles neatly, he shoots like Leather Stocking or Dr. Carver. He can speculate in any line with equal success. He has a fair smattering of medicine and chemistry. He offers a hawker of cement a much better receipt, of his own invention. He has been in almost every country, including Poland, South America, and Persia. In the latter country he has learned the art of stupefying fishes and making them float on the surface. He dyes a drunken hypocrite's face with a dye which he got from Indians "in the great lone land;" and when the hypocrite repents he has a drastic wash ready to efface the stain. "I actilly larned French in a voyage to Calcutta," he says, "and German on my way home." He knew a little Gaelic too, which he had learned on a new and agreeable system that, unfortunately, would never do in the public schools.

At Rome in Juvenal's time it was the hungry Greek, in Johnson's "London" it was the "fasting monsieur," who knew all the sciences. And let it be granted that the typical Jack-of-all-trades in this century and on this continent is the inquisitive and acquisitive Yankee. Yet Sam Slick beats the record of his shifty countrymen. He has been everywhere where a lively reminiscence can be located, and he is endowed with any art or attainment which comes in handy "to point a moral or adorn a tale," to snub a snob or help a friend.

He understands every phase of human nature, male and female, black, white and red, high and low, rich and poor. He is equally familiar with every social *stratum*. In "Nature and Human Nature" he minutely describes two picnics soon after each other. At one of them the belles are Indian half-breeds, at the other fashionable Halifax young ladies. The ex-clockmaker has presumably obtained the *entrée* into the illogically exclusive society of Halifax. At all events he shows a minute knowledge of its various phenomena, not omitting the customary airs of a military *parvenu*.

I am afraid that this over-equipment of his hero is due to carelessness or forgetfulness on Haliburton's part. When Mr. Slick credits himself in all gravity with each new accomplishment, I do not think that, in the author's intention, he is only adding another fib to his record. Were this so, lying would be his most prominent characteristic. Now Slick is quite capable of using ambiguous terms to help him to dispose of a horse or a clock, but I am mistaken if he is meant to be viewed as a serious and habitual liar.

To draw the long bow for the sake of making fun, or with a wink to his hearers, as it were, is quite another thing, and of this pastime Mr. Slick was very fond. "Once," he said, "I drawed a mutton chop so nateral that my dog broke his

teeth in tearing the panel to pieces to get at it; and at another time I painted a shingle so like stone that, when I threw it in the water, it sunk right kerlash to the bottom." He imposes upon a certain great linguist by professing to know *all* the North American Indian dialects, and informs him that the redskins form new words by "gummification," a term which should be used in Indian grammar, he says, in preference to "agglutination," because glue was unknown and gum well known to the Indians! The best glue in America, he gravely adds, is made from negro hides; whence the saying, "It sticks like grim death to a dead nigger." In another place he traces the origin of the phrase "he's been through the mill" to a local accident at Slickville.

But if Sam Slick, as might be guessed from these last incidents, is not a trustworthy etymologist, he is a past-master of slang. His sayings are quoted widely, to illustrate colloquial terms, all through Bartlett's "Dictionary of Americanisms." Some of Slick's slangy expressions are very original and forcible, as for example the following: "If I had a got a hold of him, I'd a lammed him wuss than the devil beatin' tan-bark!"

He confesses that he hates poets, "lock, stock and barrel." As he sometimes purposely shocks the British sense of decorum by his Yankee irreverence, so he likes to ruffle one's sentimentality by some anti-poetical simile. Poets have thought of figure after figure to describe the changing music of a running stream. Here is Slick's contribution—"the noise water makes tumblin' over stones in a brook, a splutterin' like a toothless old woman scoldin' with a mouthful of hot tea in her lantern cheek!"

It is hard to determine in some cases whether Sam Slick's utterances are intended to illustrate his character, or merely

to voice the author's personal views. This doubt of course arises only when the clockmaker utters sentiments equally or more in keeping with another character than his own—with that, for instance, of an Englishman or Nova Scotian, or of a well-read and well-bred gentleman. There is, however, a specially strong probability that Haliburton generally endorsed Sam Slick's criticisms on Nova Scotia. As a politician, our author had learned to dread that many-headed monster, a constituency, and to show outward respect for popular weaknesses. He would naturally shrink from lashing the pet feelings of his countrymen only, and would find it expedient to tell them unpalatable truths through the medium of a foreign observer. For the clockmaker's satiric utterances—so often grotesquely and *purposely* exaggerated—the public could not hold him responsible. "A satirist," says Sam Slick in "Nature and Human Nature," speaking of his already published sayings and doings, "a satirist finds it convenient sometimes to shoot from behind a shelter." And again, in the same book, he observes to "the Squire," who was a Nova Scotian: "If *you* was writin' and not me you would have to call Halifax, to please the people, that flourishing great capital," and so forth. For these reasons I have treated Slick's views about Nova Scotia and Nova Scotians elsewhere, with the personal opinions of our author. Enough to say here, to complete this list of Mr. Slick's traits, that it went against his grain to see a province giving its scant enthusiasm too exclusively to politics, and wasting its energies in pressing the government to create prosperity, instead of seizing the existing openings for industry, as he and other wide awake Yankees were so profitably doing.

* * * * * *

That so young a country as Nova Scotia should have reared

so great a writer as Haliburton is somewhat surprising. To what additional eminence he might have attained, had his earlier efforts been addressed to a more critical circle, must remain a matter of conjecture. But it is not unlikely that he might have taken rank among the very greatest literary names of the century, if he had been a little less genial and self-indulgent, or if he had had higher educational advantages and a more stimulating literary environment at the outset of his career. As it was, Haliburton generally wrote forcibly, and often smoothly and classically, while in detached passages he could be terse and even brilliant. But the attractions of his style are not sustained, and he is sometimes a little slipshod or diffuse. He is accordingly more to be admired as a humorist than as a stylist, and more than either, perhaps, as a thorough student and acute judge of human nature. He noted with almost equal keenness and accuracy the idiosyncrasies of individuals, classes and nations. He intuitively recognized the tendencies of the age; he observed the currents of public opinion, and gauged their volume and their force with approximate correctness. He foretold some important events that have happened already and others that seem extremely probable to-day.

I have only touched lightly and incidentally on what strike me as being his faults. I felt that they bear but a small ratio to the merits of this great Canadian writer—to his exuberant humor, his sound judgment, his wide horizon, and the general beneficence of his aims. And above all, I could never ignore his strong efforts to arouse a broader patriotism that might guard forever the imperial birthright whose grandeur he was great enough to understand.

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